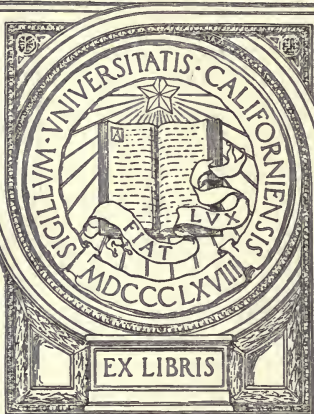


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SCORPIO No. 1.

Containing

"A POET-CARAVAN"

And Other Sonnets

By

J. A. CHALONER

Author of "Scorpio"

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

—Burns.

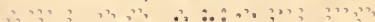
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Prologue to Scorpio No. 1.



In the Prologue of "Scorpio," page x, the following words occur, to wit: "We shall each quarter publish a small edition of 'Scorpio,' No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, etc., etc."

We have so done.

We shall content ourselves with stating that we are more than satisfied with the reception of "Scorpio" at the hands of the reviewers. A perusal of the reviews cited in the Appendix will show that we have cause—as we lawyers say—for said state of mind. Considering the brief period that has elapsed—scarcely six weeks or so—since "Scorpio" was sent out for review, the reviews have been exceedingly prompt, and satisfactory as prompt.

There are some few reviews which are not quite so satisfactory.

Four of said hostile reviews have been replied to by us in sonnets.

The two or three other less satisfactory reviews are far less unsatisfactory than said four less satisfactory reviews. Said diluted unsatisfactoriness—so to speak—springs from a presumably well-meaning—but far from well-informed idea—that, *first*: there is danger *per se* in publishing poetry

(III)

SIECHERT
APR 20 1942

lest, forsooth, certain alienists assume to pronounce poets crazy: *second*: that the author of "Scorpio" is in want of a certificate of sanity because, now nearly seventeen years ago, a "certificate of lunacy" was handed out to him by certain alienists in New York City at the instigation of his brothers and sisters with whom he had been on unfriendly terms for about ten years, owing to a certain wedding's having occurred at which said brothers and sisters—again—*for cause*—had not been "wedding guests," as the "Ancient Mariner" hath it—if we remember rightly.

Now, when one considers that the chief conspirator in said dastardly conspiracy against the liberty, property, health, happiness, and practically *life* of a citizen of the sovereign State of Virginia, by a handful of mercenary New York gentlemen and ladies—whose aims and characteristics are set forth in a triptych of three sonnets—when one considers that said chief conspirator, a brother of the author of "Scorpio" is a proved and convicted perjurer, upon his own testimony, in a deposition made by him in the fall of 1905 *de bene esse*, as the legal term hath it, and on file in the New York Supreme Court on Manhattan Island for all who run to read; having confessed on the witness-stand in said proceeding, that he had never seen the falsely alleged acts he and his fellow perjurers and conspirators he and they—as falsely as he—swore to having seen take place at "The Merry Mills," nor heard the falsely alleged statements put into the mouth of the author of "Scorpio"

by himself and brother perjurers and conspirators, and upon which perjured statements *alone* the author of "Scorpio" lost now nearly seventeen years of his life—as life—that is, in the enjoyment of an unsullied name and the control and custody of his own money; and when one considers further that the supplementary testimony of the said alienists was palpably perjured besides being palpably bought and paid for on the evidence—all of which is fully set forth and has been for lo! now these seven years in "Four Years Behind the Bars of 'Bloomingdale'; Or, The Bankruptcy of Law in New York"—a document founded entirely and absolutely upon court records and affidavits—when one calmly considers all said bristling, obstinate, obvious facts, one is inclined to infer that there is more need of a reformation of the Lunacy Laws of about forty per cent. of the States of this great Nation—than a certificate of sanity for ourselves—as has been learnedly decreed by the guides of courts and lawyers, namely, the Law Reviews, of which five have been placed in the Appendix of "Scorpio No. 1"—as the five were placed in the Appendix of "Scorpio" and shall continue to be so placed until the people and newspapers wake up and remove the sword of Damocles suspended over the head of roughly estimated, say some forty millions of citizens, male and female, by a single hair.

We did not willingly trench upon said topic. It was forced down our throat by the Philadelphia "Inquirer's" "bright young man," in the two following editorial para-

graphs—as they came to us from our News Clipping Bureau—to wit: Philadelphia “Inquirer,” May 6th, 1913. “We understand that John Armstrong Chaloner has published a book of poems, which leads us to suspect that that New York Commission in lunacy was not so far wrong after all.” And again: “May 13th, 1913:” “Right on top of the statement of that alienist that nine-tenths of the poets are crazy, John Armstrong Chaloner has come out with the announcement that he has written a whole book of ‘pomes.’” In the first place, we never attempted such a witticism as the last quoted word implies; in the second, any such alienist is—on the evidence—so to speak, a “damphool,” and in the last place, the author of “Scorpio” has no need to care what alienists allegedly think of him, since the Circuit Court of Albemarle County, Virginia, pronounced him sane and competent, November 6th, 1901, and the Superior Court of North Carolina, shortly thereafter, and the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, sitting in New York City, handed down an opinion—*162 Federal Reports*, 19, cited in “Scorpio”—so far back as 1908, in which that august body—second only to the Supreme Court of the United States, held as follows: “The petitioner (J. A. C.) as a citizen of the State of Virginia, in bringing his said suit” (for the recovery of a million and a half of property illegally taken from him by one Thomas T. Sherman, the defendant) “in the District Court of the United States, was availing himself of a right founded upon this constitutional

provision.” (“The Constitution of the United States vests in its judicial department jurisdiction over controversies between citizens of different States”) (the defendant, Sherman, hails from New York) “and he came into that court with a decree of the court of the State of which he was a citizen” (said Virginia decree of November 6th, 1901) “declaring his sanity. We cannot disregard that decree. In considering it we do not ignore the orders of the courts of New York. Insanity is not necessarily permanent. For the purpose of this petition—laying aside jurisdictional questions—we may properly consider that the petitioner was insane when so declared in New York, but that he had recovered his sanity when he was declared sane in Virginia.” Which is a judicial way of putting the following: “The petitioner declares under oath that the parties behind the lunacy proceedings against him, on the evidence, in New York, the parties openly swearing to said proceedings and therefore responsible for same, namely, his own brothers, *perjured themselves*. If such was the case the New York court never obtained jurisdiction over the person or property of John Armstrong Chaloner, the petitioner, since perjury is fraud, and fraud destroys everything in law. That question, however, has not been presented to us; as it has to be first tried in the lower court—said Federal District Court—until said question is finally decided, we—for the sake of argument—have to allow Chaloner to remain under the stigma of insanity, branded upon him by his broth-

ers in 1897 and 1899 in order that we may remove said stigma from him *now*, on the strength of the decree of the Virginia Court, holding him sane and competent in 1901."

We hasten to apologize to laymen for spreading so much erudite law before their bewildered gaze—but *really*—after writing the rascally, thieving, lying, debauching and debauched other side "to H——l-and-on-down," as Carlyle once jocularly observed—after writing said bare-faced villains to "H——l-and-on-down" in the five hundred or so scoriac pages of "F. Y. B.," etc., aforesaid, the subject has become somewhat stale in our literary nostrils, somewhat of a stench and we have a strong disgust of touching upon it: we therefore once more reopen the seventeen-year-old scar, and start the old wound to running once more—for the edification of "bright young men" of the kidney of the aforesaid Philadelphia "Inquirer," and the more diluted unsatisfactories aforesaid, with the wish and hope—we might almost say, devout prayer—that said flushing of the scuppers of said hostile craft, may suffice once and forever; and that in future our work may be judged fearlessly on its merits by even diluted hostiles, *enfranchised* for all time *from the threatening pestle of a lunacy quack!*

In dismissing this malodorous topic from a work as divorced from matters legal as the Muses are from medicine, we shall point out that the author of "Scorpio" who spent nearly four years of a *life-sentence* in "Blooming-

dale"—falsely so called—its real name being "The Society of the New York Hospital" with Hospital and Offices—the last time we were on foot in New York, *i.e.*, in March, 1897—in Fifteenth Street, a few doors west of Fifth Avenue—we shall point out that the author of "Scorpio" never was condemned by either a judge or a jury that ever laid eyes on him; that *no judge has ever seen him in New York, nor no jury! That in 1897 he was condemned unheard. That in 1899 he was condemned unheard.* So much for the "bankruptcy of law" in Gotham, and about forty per cent. of the sovereign States of this great Union. That the main conspirators before the fact were Messrs. Winthrop Astor Chanler—veteran, wounded in the Spanish War. Former Lieutenant-Governor of New York, Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler—these were the lay-perjurers—so to speak. While one, Moses A. Starr, M.D., was the professional perjurer in the 1897 proceedings. Which is to say that New York alienists are practically professional perjurers. Which is to say that they depend upon the art of perjury for their daily bread. Thus. A lunacy shyster—such as Henry Lewis Morris, of the firm of Morris and Main, New York City, Colonel William Jay—of the firm of Jay and Candler, Wall Street, New York, Egerton L. Winthrop, Jr.—of the same firm, or Joseph H. Choate, Jr., of the firm of Evarts, Choate and Sherman, same street, same town—a lunacy shyster comes to them and says, very much as follows: "We have a party we want to run into 'Bloom-

ingdale' for life. He's perfectly sane, but he and his family have fallen out over a certain marriage, and they want him put out of the way for life. You know that nothing is easier, nothing is simpler, and *above and beyond* all, nothing is safer for you and us than to railroad him behind the bars on a 'doctored' charge of insanity, provided only you play your cards properly. All you've got to do is to make out a couple of false affidavits for the two of you—it takes two doctors to commit a man under the New York Insanity Laws of 1896—one *apiece*, we mean, in which you swear that the party said certain irrational things in your hearing, and did certain irrational things in your presence, and that, in your opinion, he is a fit subject for confinement for life in a Madhouse. You will get a thousand dollars apiece for your affidavits. His brothers will pay you that out of his property."

Lunacy doctors in New York—and in all *large* cities, are under a terrible temptation to perjure away a man's liberty, happiness, health and property for life. All men of experience know what happens when a terrible temptation confronts the average citizen. *Said average citizen knuckles under to said temptation*, for the good and sufficient reason, for the average citizen, that it is *terrible*. Lunacy shysters in New York are also under a terrible temptation for the self-same reason, and, alas! with the self-same result! By lunacy shysters we do not mean the ordinary shyster known to newspaper men—the "Tomb's

shyster" in New York, and the criminal court shysters in other cities. No, we do not have in mind any such hurried, hurried, foul-looking "hard-up" individual as the above—far from it. The lunacy shyster differs materially from his brother of the Tombs. The lunacy shyster is far from being a shyster in appearance. The lunacy shyster is generally a gentleman not only in bearing and dress, but by blood. Lunacy shysters in New York, particularly, are blue-blooded. Colonel William Jay is descended lineally from John Jay, the first Chief Justice of this distressful country. Fancy the great-grandson of a Chief Justice of the United States developing into a practicing shyster! *O! tempora. O! mores!*

Henry Lewis Morris, again, is the lineal descendant of Lewis Morris, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Egerton L. Winthrop, Jr., is the son of the Beau Brummel of the New York "Four Hundred," to wit: Egerton L. Winthrop, Sr., both of whom are descended on the male—as we are on the female side—from John Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts. Lastly, brother Candler—while not being blue-blooded—being a *novus homo*, a "new man," as the Romans had it, *i.e.*, a man whose ancestors had never been distinguished in the State—yet he is descended from an ancient Roman sacrificing-priest—at least if there is anything in a name—for his name is "Flamen"—*Flamen B.*—of which the dictionary says, to wit: "The person who lights the sacrificial fires; a

priest of ancient Rome." At all events he "lit the sacrificial fires" in our particular case all right, all right! He it was, who in conjunction with Cousin Egerton L. Winthrop, Jr., and Colonel William Jay, under the orders of the head legal devil in the combine—the Chanler family's family lawyer, who acted as the "Bloomingdale" steering committee—said Henry Lewis Morris, put thro' the debauched and perjured proceedings before the Sheriff's Jury in New York in 1899, at the instigation of the aforesaid Messrs. Chanler, aided and abetted by those two hoary old *ruzé* dogs of veteran-perjurers Docs. Austin Flint, Sr., and Carlos F. Macdonald, both of Gotham. Said proceedings were held before a phantom-jury—to coin a phrase. A jury of phantoms sat on the author of "Scorpio" twenty miles away from him and his cell at "Bloomingdale," falsely so called, and solemnly pronounced him a hopeless lunatic and incompetent person, without having laid eyes on him! So far as we were concerned, at all events, said Sheriff's Jury was a Phantom Jury.

The last lot of rascals to be unearthed by us in this Prologue is a very dignified lot of rascals indeed! High in the counsels of the Church, of the Law, of Finance, and of Society in the Metropolis of the United States, "little old New York."

We now copy from pages 135-136 in "Four Years Behind the Bars of 'Bloomingdale,'" from which the above pages are a rehash more or less gentle, diluted, and mild.

To wit: "From . . . the Annual Report of the Society of The New York Hospital, for the year 1899, now before me . . . I read under the heading:

'STANDING COMMITTEES OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS.

Executive.

William Warner Hoppin, Henry W. De Forest, Elbridge T. Gerry, Edmund D. Randolph, Hermann H. Cammann, George G. Haven, George S. Bowdoin, George G. DeWitt, Edward King, Augustus D. Juilliard, William Alexander Duer, Howard Townsend.

Bloomingdale.

Frederick D. Tappan, Chairman; Richard Trimble, Waldron Post Brown, Philip Schuyler, James William Beekman, Thomas H. Barber.

On Law.

Elbridge T. Gerry, Henry W. De Forest, George G. DeWitt.

Real Estate.

Hermann H. Cammann, Chairman; James O. Sheldon, Waldron Post Brown, George S. Bowdoin, Edward King.

On Nominations.

Elbridge T. Gerry, Philip Schuyler, Edmund D. Randolph.

The President, Vice-President and Treasurer are *ex-officio* members of all committees.

. . . Reading David H. King, Jr., as a misprint for Edward King, or *vice versa*, the above committees contain the full list of 'Governors' of 'Bloomingdale' except Messrs. Sheppard Gandy, President; Theódorus B. Woolsey, Vice-President; J. Edward Simmons, Treasurer; Henry W. Crane, Secretary; Fordham Morris, George F. Baker, and Joseph Hodges Choate."*

Surely as gilded a set of rascals as ever glared a reader in the eye!

Surely a noteworthy congeries of rogues, surely.

Said gay birds of gilded plumage plucked us neatly of some twenty thousand dollars in coldest cash, mulcted from us as we lay helpless in a cell, at the hands of Stanford White—since gone to a higher tribunal—and later, by his brother-in-law, Prescott Hall Butler, also dead. The latter was in the interesting position of being our "guide, philosopher and friend," known in law as "committee of the per-

*Pages 242-243 "F. Y. B.," etc., aforesaid: "Taken from 'The Society of the New York Hospital,' 127th Annual Report, for the year 1897:

GOVERNORS.

Sheppard Gandy, President; Theódorus B. Woolsey, Vice-President; J. Edward Simmons, Treasurer; Joseph H. Choate, William Warner Hoppin, Elbridge T. Gerry.

In the Annual Report of the said institution for the year 1899, we find the Board of Governors composed of the same members with the exception that Howard Townsend and George F. Baker take the places of Cornelius N. Bliss and Francis Lynde Stetson."

son and estate of the incompetent"—your very humble servant—appointed *at the solicitation of the Chanler family, male and female, for the reason that said Butler was a law-partner of Joseph Hodges Choate, Sr., ex-Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and very much a member of the "Board of Governors" of "Bloomingdale."* It requires no very profound thought to discern why the Chanlers, male and female, chose Butler. Furthermore. The Chanlers desired—besides glutting a spite secretly nursed against us for nine years—from June 14th, 1888—the date of a certain wedding—to March 13th, 1897, when we were arrested by two plainclothesmen from Mulberry Street Police Station—while sojourning quietly in lodgings at a hotel in New York—and escorted without any undue argument upon our part politely and quietly to "Bloomingdale" for life—the Chanlers, male and female, saw a chance to make several million "honest" pennies apiece—to put it mildly—by running us in for life and, upon our demise, appropriating our million and a half on the ground that we were a lunatic and that any will made by us was null—it having leaked out that we had made the University of Virginia and other Educational Institutions our beneficiaries under our will—since the Chanlers are all millionaires and don't really need our money.

They therefore chose a man like Butler who was in a position to benefit financially himself from the annual heavy bribe of five thousand two hundred dollars a year—not

counting extras—which we were charged for a two-roomed cell, and a thirty-dollar-a-month Irish keeper, on a purely vegetarian and “teetotal” diet, and paying extra for practically every thing we eat, for the good and sufficient reason that the food in “Bloomingdale” was either badly cooked, adulterated, or decayed, and we bought food outside “the institution” and had it shipped in.

Ex-Ambassador Choate “being a beneficiary under the Trust”—as we lawyers say—which, being interpreted, means that he, very presumably indeed, duly received his share of “rake off” from our good *five thousand two hundred per*, not counting extras. For “Bloomingdale,” falsely so called, is no philanthropic enterprise by a very large majority. Nor is it a State Institution, but purely and simply a private money-making concern of the good old sort so frequently found hidden away in New York.

It is not to be supposed that Butler was going to turn loose a star-easy-mark, a goose that laid the five thousand and more golden eggs on the counter of the hospitable Hospital of “Bloomingdale” *per annum* for *life*—he fondly hoped. There would be nothing smacking of business principles in that. And a standing motto of the Chanler family is, “There is no sentiment in business,” in which sentiment hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers join hands heartily with the Chanlers. Hence the selection of said defunct gentleman, by the loving brothers and sisters of the author of “Scorpio,” for the latter’s gaoler—in conjunc-

tion with ex-Ambassador Choate, Elbridge T. Gerry, *et id hoc genus omne* "bunch."

We are well aware that our frank tearing away of the veil of respectability from the hoary visages of Messrs. Choate, Gerry and their confederates in crime—as afore-said—will meet with hems and haws and possibly frowns and muttered growls from the "little brothers of the rich" who spittle-lick rich men for the love of the thing. We shall be surprised if certain newspapers in New York—controlled by the friends and business associates of "*The Forty Thieves of 'Bloomingdale'*" as we dubbed the band of marauders headed by Messrs. Choate and Gerry in "F. Y. B.," etc., seven years ago, without ever hearing the slightest peep of remonstrance for the above rough handling by the author of "Scorpio" from his victims afore-said; we shall be surprised if the friendly, allied, or possibly, subsidized, newspapers in New York will care to say much about "Scorpio No. 1," if said papers even care to say much about "Scorpio"; since we have heard no hint or sign from said papers since sending them "Scorpio" for review. But, as has been observed before, "Scorpio" has come to stay, and no amount of hostility upon the part of a newspaper, nor any number of newspapers, can hold "Scorpio" down, for several reasons which we shall now in winding up our Prologue—state.

Primo. Life is getting more and more complicated, and therefore more and more difficult, and therefore more

wretchedly unhappy, as the years roll on. Look at one single question: *Labour*. What are you going to say about that? Look at the strikes the world over, born from an increasing sense of the injustice of the distribution of the good things of life, and a growing knowledge upon the working man's part of the Moloch-like nature of the employer of labour, *from the very necessity of business*, whose motto is "Business is business."

Such being the case, so seething with unrest is the industrial world, the world over, that all *proved* instances of dishonesty, hypocrisy, and crime, upon the part of the very rich, help the cause of the poor man, by bringing over recruits to his standard from the heretofore *indifferent* poor, or even well-to-do. Therefore such instances—after being proved true—are readily seized by the friends and leaders of the poor in their increasingly deadly, increasingly internecine struggle with the greedy rich, and used as ammunition by their orators on the stump to arouse the indifferent to the state of the world.

To take but one brief but momentous instance starting right in "little old New York" once more.

The instance in question is the revelations *re* the secret conduct of Life Insurance Societies a few years ago, which raised such a stink in the "Equitable"—to take but one instance of a blackeyed institution, hitherto among the haughtiest of the haughty.

What a death blow that was to certain Insurance magnates, to be sure!

What a revelation as to New York business ethics for a fact!

And yet how tame, colourless and mild that scandal stands beside the one "Scorpio" has taken upon itself to run to earth and sting to death!

We allude to the White Slavery practiced openly in New York under the guise of Lunacy Procedure: supported by the Courts, supported by the Church—in that the Church is silent under proved charges there-against—supported by the Legal Profession, supported by the Medical Profession, supported by Finance—supported by Wall Street—and finally, supported by Society, known as the "Four Hundred."

As we observed in "F. Y. B.," etc., "Bloomingdale" is the "Bastile" of the "Four Hundred."

The only people who do not support and hold up the arms of this iniquity, are the plain people—are the poor.

And it is to the plain people, to the poor that "Scorpio" is going to tell the tale of "Bloomingdale."

The Federation of Labor would like to know all about it.

The Industrial Workers of the World would like to know all about it.

The Socialists would like to know all about it.

And before very long, they shall know all about it.

Even Anarchy is palpably preferable to organized, protected, intrenched and triumphant perjury, robbery, and murder.

For Anarchy aims at freedom from organizations of any kind interfering with the personal freedom of the individual: and we have clearly shown above—supported as we are by the Court Records aforesaid, spread at large on the pages of “Four Years Behind the Bars,” etc.—*that perjury, robbery, and murder are thoroughly organized, not only on the East Side in New York, but on Fifth Avenue.*

In closing our quiet Prologue, we beg leave to caution the hostiles not to lie about us, or we shall so dub them in “Scorpio No. 2,” due to come out on or about September 1st, next. We allude specifically to objecting to being dubbed a friend or supporter of Anarchy, simply because we have had the perspicacity and courage to point out that there is something worse than Anarchy, and that that something now occupies the seats of the mighty in the metropolis of this allegedly civilized, allegedly humane and Christian country. We would notify these “cubs” that we are a pillar of the law, not an Anarchist. Even a cub-reporter should know enough to know that a recognized law-writer, such as we will be found to be by anyone who can read, who will turn to the back of this modest little book and gaze upon the laurels showered upon us by those “in the know” among the Law Reviews of this great nation *re* “The Lunacy Law of the World”—as we were about to observe, even a cub,

an unlicked cub at that, should have enough gumption—enough go-in-out-of-the-rain, to know that a law-writer is no Anarchist. For Anarchy means no law.

Now, to turn at last, to the far more congenial task of discussing poetry.

At the very outset, we wish to tender our sincere thanks to those newspapers' critics, whose criticisms are appended herein, for the real encouragement and satisfaction their appreciation was to us. We are well aware that the launching of "Scorpio" was a rather risky venture from the fact that it was so liable to be misunderstood, from the more or less newness of the point of view of the writer.

Having discharged gladly our debt of thanks, we next approach a topic which, perforce, must have raised its Gorgon-head the very instant a critic saw that the writer had brought out, in so short a time, another book of sonnets.

The name of said Gorgon, of course, is overproduction: writing one's self out.

We hasten to say that there is no apparent danger of that for the following reasons:

First: *The writer has on hand some five hundred sonnets* done as follows. Three hundred and fifty sonnets were written in "Bloomingdale" between the years 1898 and 1900, inclusive. Since that time, the writer was so driven and harried by law suits which he himself had to supervise and do absolutely *all* the briefing for, that no matter how much he may adore the Muses, he has not actually had time

during the thirteen years that intervene since his happy escape from "Bloomingdale" to write more than some one hundred and fifty sonnets.

The fact that he had some five hundred sonnets in stock emboldened the writer to announce the unprecedented undertaking of bringing out a Poetical Quarterly. Lord Byron intended to do the same—that was the germ of the plan with the writer—but his untimely death prevented. The writer had intended to limit the number to twenty-five sonnets per quarter—half of which were to be new sonnets and half taken from the stock of some five hundred already done. But on Easter Monday last, the 24th of April, an event occurred—alluded to in the Appendix, at its proper place—which started apparently such an output of sonnets that he at once saw that he must modify and change the original sonnet-schedule, so to speak. He therefore decided to increase the number of sonnets each quarter to fifty, of which as many as desired should be charged to the new account of sonnets, and not more than half a dozen sonnets should be drawn upon from the old stock of some five hundred sonnets, aforesaid, already done, and moss-grown with age, so to speak. The consequence was, that of the fifty-three sonnets composing "Scorpio No. 1" forty-seven were done since the 24th of month-before-last, or within six weeks from to-day, the 6th of June.

Said forty-seven sonnets are—with few exceptions—placed in the order of their birth, in "Scorpio No. 1."

Concerning said sonnets the writer has only this to say in taking leave—for ninety days—of the reviewer.

If the sonnet was the key with which Shakspeare “unlocked his heart,” it is with the writer the key to the cupboard containing ointment to soothe the aches and pains caused by *a life of incessant warfare for nearly seventeen years, against crime; insolent, barefaced, buttressed; strutting more brazenly than a painted “protected” harlot on the arm of her “fancy man”; in which he has been utterly unsupported by press, pulpit, or public, but NOT by the Law Reviewers aforesaid, to whom he feels undying gratitude.*

Such being the case, the writer goes to a sonnet for comfort the moment his heart begins to ache, or the instant his brain begins to ache—figuratively speaking, this last—over the perplexity of an existence brought about by a Supreme Being—he firmly believes—whose ways are “past finding out.” Hence the intimacy of so many of the sonnets; hence their variety of subject, as well as variety of treatment. From grave to gay, from serious to jocose, from sacred to profane, is the order of the day with the writer’s Muse—to use a very old-fashioned word.

The writer is absolutely and utterly alone in the world. He has not a blood relative in the world who has not “flopped” to the side of the *upper* dog. This is not said in a tone of complaint, but purely and simply—*upon honour*—by way of explanation as touching the aforesaid intimacy of the sonnets and their tumultous—so to speak—variety.

Before thrown into a madhouse cell for life the writer could not write anything—in prose or verse, in spite of several years of steady, intelligent, and most determined effort—more effective than a cheque. A cheque—if good—is very effective—of course—but it is hardly literature. Upon being laid by the heels upon a false, bogus, and perjured, charge of insanity, the writer set about him to improve his vocabulary—which never had been meagre—by looking up in “Stormonth’s” Unabridged Dictionary the origin of every word that struck him, and whose etymology was unfamiliar to him. He jotted down the date of the observation every time on the margin of the page. One night—a year almost to a day—from the date of his arrest, he found a rhyme for the first time in his life, practically, dancing in his head. He smiled at it and jotted it down. He smiled because there was a laugh in it. No sooner was said laugh jotted down than another presented itself. To cut a long story short, half a dozen rhymes presented themselves to him that night. All were duly recorded. The next night the same thing occurred, and the next and the next, until he had written—not on the margin of “Stormonth’s” Unabridged, however—some one thousand rhymes. He then started to *cramp* said rhymes which he had allowed to spread at will, to as many as some eighteen or twenty syllables to a line, into the classical English length of ten or eleven syllables.

Said rhymes he had held down to *couplets*, in ninety

per cent. of the cases, *varied by triplets*, and *rarely, quatrains*.

Said rhymes had always rhymed closely no matter how uncouth, unwieldy, or barbaric, their metre.

Under said new *régime*, he wrote some one thousand couplets, of the said classic length.

Once started, he never deflected from said classic rule in a single instance. His *barbaric* lines *had never been less* than ten or eleven syllables, though often nearly twice that length.

One night in August, 1898, he felt a desire to attempt to write a sonnet. He had never attempted, or dreamt of attempting such a thing. He never had any idea that he could do so difficult and complicated a feat in verse. He had contented himself with thinking of writing couplets all his life—when the mood seized him. He therefore went about the task in something strongly resembling fear and trembling. To his surprise he “pulled it off,” so to speak, after about an hour’s intense mental effort. That sonnet is in “Scorpio No. 1.” It is entitled “Wordsworth.” From that memorable—to him—August night, to the following Xmas, he wrote some fifteen sonnets—among them the sonnets “Midsummer” and “The Rubicon of the Unknown.” From January, 1900, to Thanksgiving Eve—the day of his escape—he wrote some three hundred and thirty-five sonnets. So much for how the Muse presented herself—to the author of “Scorpio.”

In closing, the author begs leave to observe that it was with extreme reluctance that he withdrew the veil from the matters touched upon in the present Prologue. The proof of that is in the contrast in length and tone between this Prologue and the preceding one. But to avoid being bored by reading possibly well-meant, but highly officious, and as highly dull suggestions, touching the illegality of poetry in an alleged free country—as hinted already—when his news bureaus send him future clippings—if there are any—the author conceived it the part of wisdom to stamp upon the hissing head of the little snakes that try to make out that thought is less free in the United States than in Russia. Future Prologues he hopes may be as care free and debonair as the Prologue to “Scorpio” itself.

One last item, and then *au revoir*.

There is a certain series of sonnets within entitled, “The Rosary.”

Now, touching said “Rosary,” the author has this to say:

He is no more responsible for the sentiments issuing from the lips of the “Solitary of En-gedi”—in whose mouth he puts said sonnets, by specifically stating that the series is a series of “*Dramatic Sonnets*”—by which he meant *little plays, little soliloquies*—than Shakspeare—to use a very awful example, a very awe-inspiring example—was chargeable with the villainy of Iago.

June 10, 1913.

A word in addition—and just on the very eve of going to press—to hostiles in the press both near and far—so far as Boston and so near as Richmond—is rendered advisable by two clippings from the former city and a newspaper from the latter, which latter was published this very day. The falling from grace upon the part of said hostiles consists in the high crime and misdemeanour—when dealing with a poem—of garbling and mutilating the verse with a view to discredit it, or its author, in public estimation, as a poet. This is about the most cowardly as well as the dull-est, and meanest way of attacking a literary enemy. Lacking the courage or intelligence to originate anything telling or strong; the ingenuity of these little creatures is focussed upon picking out—or rather *creating*—flaws in the verse—which do not otherwise exist—by omitting lines which elucidate the lines the said little creatures cite; or leaving out the second and closing line to a couplet in a sonnet.

In Boston the hostiles erred in the former particular.

In Richmond the hostile erred in the latter particular.

Now, criticism of our verse is *the last thing* we would avoid—hostile criticism is as interesting—provided it is more or less accurate, true and informed—though far from

being as pleasant and agreeable, of course, as criticism which is not hostile. But we strenuously object to the action of the Boston hostiles which implied that the only reason we got the better of our keeper in a life-and-death struggle in a cell in "Bloomingdale" falsely so called, was because when he attempted to strangle the author of "Scorpio" the latter's *throat* proved too strong for him. It was not alone the strength of our throat that saved our life in said encounter. Said result of the hostile's was brought about by suppressing those lines, or line, of the sonnet which contained the secret of our victory.

We as strenuously object to the action of the Richmond hostile which squeezed the very life out of a sonnet called "Three Flies," published in its issue of June 10th, 1913, by leaving out the last line of the sonnet, and *ipso facto* of the couplet.

There was no possible question about lack of space—which evidently *was* the case in a recent issue of the New York "World"—evening edition—which published some half dozen of our sonnets, and was forced—from lack of space at the bottom of the last column—to cut a sonnet down to two quatrains, or eight lines, instead of three quatrains, and a closing couplet, making fourteen lines in all. Now there are millions of people who would be delighted to squeeze the life out of three flies—and three million flies—for that matter, if they had the time and accuracy of "swat." But that is an aside, palpably. A poet has

a perfect right to select any, not improper, topic on earth as subject of a sonnet. And people who are at all widely read know that prisoners in dungeons have time and again made friends of, and even tamed—far more dangerous—and therefore objectionable—creatures than flies, to wit: spiders, and rats. The bite of either of which is liable—under given conditions—to cause prompt and painful death.

Therefore, why should the author—during his long and hideous imprisonment in that Hell-upon-earth, a mad-house cell—not be permitted to find what distraction he might in the gay evolutions of three flies?

The cause of the hostility of one of the Boston papers is unknown—possibly because the author of “Scorpio” likes the South—that of the second is a libel suit.

The cause of the hostility of the Richmond hostile is very well known, but for certain reasons the author does not care to drag it out of its various closets. He will do so, promptly, however, upon the recurrence of unfriendly acts by said paper.

Said paper has for some time been getting nastier and nastier in *re* the author of “Scorpio” in a cautious fashion. Thus. When the break between said paper and ourselves first began—some four years ago—we noticed that little disagreeable slurs were secretively slipped into otherwise highly friendly, and prominently placed—first page, top line—stories about our various and sundry, more or less exciting doings. Exciting not from choice, necessarily,

but dire and grim necessity—the Gillard incident, for instance—cited in the New York “Tribune” article in Appendix. We approached the proper authorities, on the paper, in no uncertain terms, in the premises, and a most desirable and prompt reform was the result. Thereupon, in place of getting good places in the paper—whenever the whirl of Fate’s wheel brought up more news *re* the author of “Scorpio”—or even *decent* places—decent positions—we were stuck next to the most objectionable—as we remember it—sort of advertisements, such as *cures*, as intimate as they are disagreeable; advertisements of female underwear, fully displayed; or other advertisements of the class of “Rough-on-Rats.”

We again, but far more jocularly—expostulated with the taste which sandwiched a man of the austere tastes of the author of “Scorpio,” between cures for emerods—and—*ladies’ drawers*—but, alas! without avail.

We do not court notice from any newspaper. Those desirous of reviewing “Scorpio No. 1,” “No. 2,” etc., etc., we shall be very pleased indeed to hear from—as above described, *re* reviewers. But we demand, in no uncertain tones, to be let alone, when the newspaper notice is merely intended as a slur which is malicious, but just short of an action for libel.

Our motto—originated by ourselves—is: “Leave Me Alone”; which has for crest the figure of a grizzly bear, walking quietly along.

This we have had carved on a large blood-stone, by a capable lapidary, and employ rarely, but upon occasion, when an unusually important envelope requires extra security.

This is to signify that unless a party, or parties, is, or are, desirous of trouble, said party or parties, leave us alone. If they want trouble we shall as readily accommodate them as we accommodated said Gillard.*

J. A. C.

"The Merry Mills,"
Cobham, Albemarle Co.,
Virginia,
June 10, 1913.

The "Richmond Virginian"

Richmond, Virginia, May 21, 1913

Ethics of New York Alienists

When John Armstrong Chaloner said he was afraid to trust himself in New York State because he believed all the alienists there could be bribed to send him back to Bloomingdale everybody thought he was using the empty words of prejudice. Recent developments indicate that he had substantial basis for his opinion. Dr. Russell, official alienist and keeper of the insane, seems to have considered and discussed the question of a \$25,000 bribe to release Harry Thaw with the tranquil philosophy of a business man going over a business proposition. He did not knock in the head the person proposing that he violate his official and professional oath and his obligations to the State and his own honor. He did not even report the case and demand prosecution of the tempter. His conduct was extraordinary, to say the least; and, taken in connection with the contrary and contradictory swearing of other eminent New York insanity experts, gives an unfortunate idea of the ethics of that special branch of medicine in that particular locality.

*The "Journal"**Syracuse, New York, June 11, 1913*

Encourage the Philanthropist

We hope Justice Giegerich of the Supreme Court will pass favorably upon the application of John Armstrong Chaloner, brother of Louis Stuyvesant Chanler, for an increase of his allowance from \$17,000 to \$33,000. It is not because we are interested in exposing the family skeleton, for that is not the purpose of the request.

Chaloner wants to benefit the State and his use of the extra money, he declares, will be for that purpose. His experience in an asylum should qualify him to speak of the care of insane, and the defects of present laws. He says it has and he is determined to begin a crusade of reform if the court will let him get more of his fortune of \$1,500,000. That is why we particularly wish him well, for if there is room for beneficial legislation in existing law of any nature, let's have it, especially if some one else is willing to spend his own money to prove to the State that he is right in his contentions.

Such steps as Chaloner wishes to take, if they are as high minded as he says they are, should be encouraged.

Sonnets

Sonnet One



A Poet-Caravan

The sonnet's lines are mark'd by skeletons
The bleaching bones of poet-caravan
The blistering carcasses of earth's weak sons
Who strive to sonnet and so seldom can.
As o'er her solemn plain doth rise the moon
And on these bleaching bones her beams doth shed
One almost fancies one can hear a moan
A mutter'd murmur from the martyr'd dead.
The air doth pulsate with the summer's breath
And Nature's throbbing heart the stillness holds
Whilest the solemnity that ushers death
The spirit awes and all the soul enfolds.
On the horizon howls a shy jackal
Th' Orient's glamour thus is over all.

Sonnet Two

“All the World’s a Stage”

—Shakspeare.

As fro’ the tiny acorn springs the oak
’Neath whose umbrageous leaves and tow’ring limbs
Canopys the ox when fro’ the yoke
Cessation from fierce toil sweet sunset brings:
So from small cause springs mighty consequence
And actions that do ring the world around
In chain of change of close-linkèd sequence
Homogeniously taut as cable round.
Thus work the Gods in this our seething world
As They gaze downward from their cloudy couch
At Their dread touch men’s passions’ waves are curl’d
Yet nought in Nature doth the Cause avouch!
Thus move men blindly in a maze of chance
Mere puppets on a stage, whom the Gods make dance.

Sonnet Three

The Life-Dance

'Tis how we *tread* said dance, close watcheth God—
That dread mysterious Being from afar—
While all things bow to Whose Olympian nod
From falling sparrow to movement of a star.
In us the heart—from *Him* the circumstance
That doth each heart enshroud as graveyard pall
'Fining the movements of said fateful dance
As an elastic mesh confines a ball.
The jolts and jars, the horrid shocks and blows
The griefs and insults that most souls do meet
Are motions measur'd out by One-who-knows
'Tis ours the task to handle well our feet.
Just "face the music" and by conscience tread
And when the music's fast—don't lose your head.

Sonnet Four

A Magic Crucible

The sonnet is a magic crucible
In which I throw a thought and watch it melt.
Gaze to see to what it is reducible
What are its elements—what's true—what's felt.
Within this magic vat—which molten seethes
Bubbles and boils in waves of fiery heat
Rising and falling even as if it breathes
As tho' beneath their surface heart did beat—
Within this grim retort *all* things are thrown
Nations and actions—countries, customs—*all*
And by its trying is their nature known
The gold swift sift from dross, from honey gall.
So, in this life, doth Deity try man
And as his passions seethe, his heart doth scan.

Sonnet Five

Germania

(I)

A model for the world is Germany.
There character and brains go hand in hand
There patriotism join'd to industry
Conquer the handicap of non-fertile land.
With neither Colonies nor vast domain
With neither mines nor riches in her breast
Her teeming merchantmen plough every main
Her whirring factories do never rest.
And this has all been done in twenty years
In that brief span Germania leads the world
Before that time she lagg'd behind her peers
Before that time her commerce' sails were furl'd.
At the Kaiser's call Germania's commerce strove
And sprang in air like Pallas from front of Jove!

Sonnet Six

Germania

(II)

E'en greater miracle than this was seen
When her Emperor call'd for Men-~~of~~-war
To challenge the empire of the world's Sea-Queen
Who rules the waves from her proud Neptune-car.
Britannia smil'd and curl'd her lip in scorn
Britannia laugh'd—and loud the welkin rang!
When—lo! like magic were German "Dreadnoughts" born
And in deadly squadrons on the waters sprang!
No laughter now is heard from Albion's shore
No sneer is now upon Britannia's lip
But carking care is there for evermore
Lest dread Germania smite her thigh and hip.
By self-sacrifice and debt was this end won
A load borne bravely by every Teuton son.

Sonnet Seven

Britannia

Think not from this that I am Britain's foe
I'd love to see our countries fast allied!
But as thro' the world I softly lonely go
All countrie's virtues shall be truly cried.
My Muse is History herself in verse
Impartial, accurate, high-minded, true
It is Her joy *all* good deeds to rehearse
Her duty to make rogues and rascals rue.
Good actions are not bounded by frontiers
Nor ideas bounded by a non-seen line
There never yet was limit set for tears
Nor yet for suffering by *any* clime.
The world I scan and measure—then enhearse
After I've scann'd and measur'd well my verse.

Sonnet Eight

Columbia

Some mighty lessons in these facts are found
For my great country—that vast land of wealth
Where love of country is today foul drown'd
In one mad feverish frenzied rush for pelf.
Two battle-ships a year we may not have
Because, forsooth, some Solons are so mean
That all appropriations they must shave
To fat the Pension-List—that hag obscene!
The wily Japanese are at our gate
These crafty Orientals lust our Isles
'Fore e'er we know Fate's voice will cry "Too late!
To crush with cannon daring Nippon's wiles."
Columbia, *vote* the warships! *Rise* as one man!
Let the Star Spangled Banner awe Japan.

Sonnet Nine

That Pension-List

The foulest "graft" in all the world today
Is that same Pension-List—so help me G-d!
That sounds strong but reverently it I say
'Tis the fattest graft e'er sprang from *any* sod!
A list that lengthens as the vet'rans die
A list that lifts itself by its boot-straps
A list that largely is a living lie
A chopping-block for ev'ry sane man's taps!
When will the people rise and prick this thing—
This bubble blown by politicians' breath
Which makes the Nations with raucous laughter ring
And makes the frugal patriot sweat to death!
An honest Pension-List's a Nation's pride
Not such an one as all men do deride.

Sonnet Ten

Sans a Wedding Garment

What business is it of the saucy Japs—
These scheming bold marauders of the East—
If Columbia their greedy knuckles raps
For coming uninvited to our feast.
A feast she spreads to all of the white race
But draws the line, perforce, sharp on the East.
No yellow face thereat may find a place
To there intrude there's no pretext, the least.
The Golden Slope is well within her rights
And tho' Japan *re* land doth eke the same
She talks of war, and the drowsy East affrights
With the bluster that she throws into her game.
Let Japan cross swords with Columbia, but dare—
And we'll blow these Orientals in the air.

Sonnet Eleven

The Queen of the Pacific

That is our destiny most manifest!
With our vast coasts knit by th' Panama Canal
To shrug or *doubt* it is an empty jest
Untimely joke—as ill-starr'd as *banal*.
In time this Nation's shipping will be vast—
—The market of the world 's the teeming East—
By th' Almighty have Columbia's lines been cast!
For she's port for peoples *all* from great to least—
When that day dawns her post strategical
—With coaling stations i' th' *then free* Philippines—
Makes her the mistress strong as logical
From Far Cathay to where the Cape sea gull screams!
Britannia clearly rules all other seas—
Columbia the Pacific, *if* you please.

Sonnet Twelve

The Fountain of a Hundred Jets

That is this Nation's nationality!
In us the fountains of the world find play
Pouring their talent, sinew, quality
Into one dazzling iridescent ray.
A hundred faucets this magic fountain boasts
A hundred different jets of ray intense
Playing on Columbia's mounts, plains, valleys, coasts
A fecundating spray—rich as immense!
“The Promised Land” for all the world are we
—For whom their own home has too narrow grown—
They bring with them their storied history,
The legends of their land we make our own!
A mighty future for my race I see
Once it o'ercomes its present crudity.

Sonnet Thirteen

Salut Aux Aieux*

(To Ancestors.)

Not Anglo-Saxon I but Anglo-Celt—
—*A Welshman* I would have you understand—
In seventeen ten my forbears “trekk’d the veldt”—
The rolling “roaring forties”—and made land.
Good Anglo-Saxon blood runs in my veins
And good hot Scotch and good Scotch-Irish too
My genealogy here clear explains
That the British lion “quarter’d” springs in view.
In view now dance the lilies of fair France
—Charlotte de Corday’s relative am I!
O’er Time’s horizon then doth grim advance
An ancestor from thoughtful Germany.
Bold Peter Stuyvesant too speaks thro’ me
So in me eight nationalities you see.

Sonnet Fourteen

An Echo to Walt Whitman's "Barbaric Yawp"

Bold old Walt Whitman! Good galumphing Walt!
As dry-nurse took I thee in poesy!
Not for melody—for thy brave verse doth halt
And sans rhyme or rhythm doth its grim weird dree.
But for freedom—*first*—of all God's gifts most fair—
The freedom of eagles when they soar for prey
—Columbia's eagle monarch of the air!
In following thee their flight did I essay.
Rugged as granite with a heart as soft
As ever casketed fair woman's breast
From carpenter's bench thy thoughts soar'd aloft
Till thy name belts the world North, South, East, and West!
For freedom of thought took I thee *sans* peer!
As master of melody follow'd Shakspeare.

Sonnet Fifteen

The Tricolore

Mathematics—Poetry—Philosophy.

Pythagoras—Homer—Aristotle.

"The dark backward and abysm of time."

—Shakspeare.

Now by sines and cosines, tangents and cotangs!
As my collegiate feats I now cull o'er^x
A rosy auriole o'er th' dark backward hangs
And youth gleams glorious as the Tricolore!
The fairy glamour o' the Grecian Isles
That land of heroes and old poesie
The strident roar of nowadays beguiles
And steeps our garish day in tints all rosy.
Those joyous marchings onwards towards a goal
As vague—indefinite as 'twas remote
E'er dread Experience had seared the soul
And show'd most sunny sunbeams float a mote.
Said sweet experience I now gaze upon
And with fresh courage buckle my armour on.

Sonnet Sixteen

The Watch-Towers of Liberty*

Ye watch-towers of Liberty—the Press
A subject for debate do I now raise
And its solution upon you urgent press
For than me the press no one doth louder praise.
'Tis 'gainst your custom—universal wide—
That when a rival doth any one commend
At once! Change! Presto! Each doth that one deride
And 'gainst him *lightenings-fulminant* are penn'd!
This is not just, nor right nor generous
This is not worthy of your mighty sphere
At times the habit waxeth murderous—
See Philada. "Inquirer's" vile lying jeer.
Please note. This is no lecture, gentle Sirs
Merely suggestion which to my mind occurs.

Sonnet Seventeen

The Syracuse "Post-Standard" Oil *

The standard oil doth drip into thy ink!
And honest printer's ink is foul'd thereby
And facts within thy columns made to blink
And Truth assume the vestments of a lie.
Are your presses oil'd with oil from Standard Oil?
Your "Linotypes" with Standard Oil kept trim,
Do your rollers roll and give the right recoil
And all your wheels revolve their whirring hymn?
If not, why hot dost thou attack my verse
And hand my sonnets over to the "Sun"?
Because Rockefeller's crimes I true rehearse
And show how the score 'gainst that rogue doth uprun?
May the ghost of Horace Greely haunt your chair
And make you of foul prejudice beware.

Sonnet Eighteen

The Whipping Post

Houston, Texas, "Post," May 25, 1913.

"'Scorpio' is a book of sonnets 'with a punch.' Written by John Armstrong Chaloner, the man who is crazy in New York and sane in Virginia. . . . While Mr. Chaloner's book was published six years ago, it has just been sent out for review. Mr. Chaloner has a million dollars, and, of course, could not speak freely until he had legally safeguarded his million from the vengeful rapacity of those whom his verses might offend."

Our attention 's just been call'd to th' Houston "Post"—
—A "patent-insides" sheet of Houston, Tex.—
Because "Scorpio" it seems—doth rascals "roast"
Said fact said little "cross-roads-sheet" doth vex.
In a State like Texas which is *part* made up
Of citizens who 've fled from other climes
For fear lest they might be short-shrift "strung-up"
In expiation of their sundry crimes
It is but natural her libel laws
Should be about *the very* worst on earth
And render liable to th' law's grim claws
The writer who rich rascals doth un-earth.
In the Old Do.* and the "Old North"† where we roam
The truth is never libel—in our sweet home!

* The "Old Dominion" (Virginia).

† "The Old North State" (North Carolina).

Sonnet Nineteen

A Panel-House

The Watch-Towers of Liberty—the Press—
Those mighty bulwarks against tyranny—
Whose power for good doth *all* men deep impress
Some outposts have that won't stand scrutiny.
Instead of Watch-Towers these things are “dead-falls”—
Oubliette-dungeons of a panel-house!
To sweep whom the besom of destruction calls
As loudly 's cleanliness against a louse!
By nature these are grinders of the poor
By nature these are toadies to the rich
And to tyranny and crime push wide the door
And for furtive murder have an eager itch.
Such an one is the “Times” of Brockton, Mass.
In Shoetown did said dark crime come to pass.

Sonnet Twenty

The First Hewing of the World's Pioneers

The Anglo-Saxon weapon is the axe.
It hewed the Crescent down on the plain of Tours
When the Crescent's tide o'erwhelming seem'd to wax
And the prospects of the Cross were looking dour.
But that mighty hero, mighty Charles Martel
Drawing his hammer call'd on his Saxon bands
Whose bearded throats then push'd forth their battle-yell
And gleaming axes wav'd in brawny hands.
The dauntless Saracens they fell upon
As furious wild boar on encircling hounds
After fearful combat was that wild day won
And the Crescent push'd forever to her bounds
Than Saxon courage greater ne'er was seen
Christianity this day it saved, I ween.

Sonnet Twenty-one

Shaw Once More *

'Tis an axe I use when I go after Shaw
When I go after him to shore him up,
Shut up 's pish-tush, pooh-pooh, tut-tut's hoarse haw-haw
And render him as harmless as a tup.
For I Shaw's master am—he is my ram
My lusty, reeking ram, and sturdy tup
Shaw will deny this and attempt "flim-flam"
He *always* "flim-flams" when in hole he's stuck.
But he is my ram and I do prize him high—
As *ram* I prize him and against him fence—
I use him to "stand" for "Humbug" and "The Lie"
My two fat ewes—in a poetic sense.
'Tis an axe I use when I go after Shaw
Against *his* hide aught else would be but straw.

Sonnet Twenty-two

Shaw Macaw

The degradation of the English taste
In things dramatic doth bulk large today.
Her drama, in ideas, is a dreary waste
Bar two or three who *can* really write a play.
The proof of her degeneracy is Shaw—
That Irish upstart and adventurer
That literary parvenu—shrill macaw—
Art's broken pawnbroker—spent usurer.
To waste their shillings on this purblind guide
Under whose lead Truth falls into a ditch
Whose object is all high things to deride
And who for lying hath a lecherous itch
To "blow their money in" on such a "bum"
Maketh the Nations with genial laughter hum.

Sonnet Twenty-three

“The Shaving of Shag Pat”*

—George Meredith.

'Gainst *Shag* “Pat” Shaw take I the field once more—
The tail of “Scorpio” begins to swish—
In that “bum” dramatist and bloody bore
To plant its sting the Zodiac doth wish.
To be quite frank Shaw is its chopping-block
Its “easy-mark” and “good-thing-to-push along”
“Pat” Shaw, whose “bum” dramas are but poppy-cock
And hypocrisy, mendacity, stink strong.
The *Shaviad of Shag* “Pat” Shaw this starts—
O’ my fights with smug Pat Shaw the Iliad—
Divided up in Books, Cantos, Stanzas—parts
Wherein Shaw “takes the count”—this Shaviad.
By “Scorpio” Pat Shaw will be “razé”
This brazen “zingeur” will be *bien planté*!

Sonnet Twenty-four

A Prince of Liars^{*}

A *titled* liar is Sir Sidney Lee!
As ponderous and pompous as he's bland.
T'all t'honours o' th' liar entitl'd 's he!
He's the first and foremost liar in the land!
Bar only one—the *Liar-Paramount*—
The *King* of Liars—the Great *Non-Pareil*!
Whose inspiration doth upward ever mount
From the Bottomless Pit with the stench of Hell!
As foul Falstaff hack'd and stabb'd bold Hotspur's corse
And lied about it to make capital
So Lee *re* great King Edward lied in due course
Him of treason I attaint! Crime capital.
"The Peace-Maker" is King Edward's title *grand*
L'Entente Cordiale sprang from his kingly hand!

Sonnet Twenty-five

Tolstoy

MAZEPPA.

*"Bring forth the horse!—the horse was brought;
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led."*

—Lord Byron.

Tolstoy was a doomèd Tartar Dookobar—
Doom'd for all time midst fanatics fell to shine—
His logic unworthy e'en a hip-hurrah—
Not worth "three hooraws" I do deep opine.
A Kalmuck Tartar of the Ukraine breed
Wild as "Mazeppa's" horse—great Byron sang—
'Gainst aught of beauty his voice was but a screed
'Gainst aught of nature it coarse, hoarse, raucous rang!
O' th' beauty o' the lillies nought he knew—
"The lillies of the field" that Christ did paint
And with His magic touch their portrait drew
To forever upward cheer the heart world-faint!
As novelist he *the* artist beautiful
But interpreter of Christ most *pitiful*.

Sonnet Twenty-six

Maeterlinck
or
John O' Dreams

Good Maeterlinck I would that thou couldst think.
If thou couldst think thou wouldst be truly great
'Tis lack of thought that makes thy logic blink
—To be thus frank believe me do I hate.
But 'tis my duty to unmask the fraud
Humbugs and fakirs which bestride the world
And at the same time struggling virtue laud
That crafty humbugs are fell Hellwards hurl'd.
Remember I as lawyer long am train'd
To think i' th' cold deadly logic o' th' Law
With eye long train'd to pierce a thing that's "framed"
To wither sophistry and uproot flaw.
As dreamer thou stand'st first in thine own class
As dreamer no man e'er did thee surpass.

Sonnet Twenty-seven

G. K. Chesterton

The biggest bag of wind in England is
Beyond all question G. K. Chesterton.
The roundest, plumpest, fattest, bumptious-phiz
And *longest* lethal bore is—"Chesty"—One!
You bluff and "fiddle," "side-step," back and fill
You "thimble-rig" and "flim-flam" with your pen
Attempt to palm off wholesome things as ill
Whilst for ill-things dost thou loudly "bark" to men.
In fact you simply stand upon your head
And whirl and caper with your feet in air
For G—d's sake, Chesterton, these follies shed
And play the game you *can* play bold and fair!
A brilliant mind at present runs amuck
Reform! Be Robin Hood *not* Friar Tuck.

Sonnet Twenty-eight

“Canny Andy”

“I hadna been in the town five hours before *bang*, went a sax-punce!”

(A Scotsman's letter home from London.)

There's a saxpunce soon that 's going to go “bang”
There's a Scotchman soon that 's going to “sweat blood”
From all his pores with almost *mortal* pang!
Then grunt and growl and chew a *bitter* cud.
The veil from off that income will be lift
“The Mysteries of Udolpho” will be solv'd
By Uncle Sam those “billets” will be sift
And by him those vast rolling mills revolv'd.
Now, “Sandy” loves a saxpunce unco weel
And “Sandy” hates to “give up” unco bad
So from stocky little “Sandy” 'll come a “squeal”
When the income tax assessor's day's been had!
But of all the Sons of Mammon Sandy's King.
He gives up most—is honest—this I sing.

Sonnet Twenty-nine

Bloodthirsty!

I know a warrior—a son of Mars
Whose red right eye spouts blood in dark fierce jets!
And when this fighter doth entrain for wars
The “wise guy” ’gainst the other side swift bets.
The “wise guy” hies him to a bookmaker
And gasps in stiff’d accents “I’ll lay odds!”
The bookmaker, aghast, exclaims, “No taker!”
Tho ’t sounds like gift direct from friendly gods.
Knowing said man I know my country’s safe
Both from invasion and from dread defeat
Per him the strongest foe would be a waif
Which with Goliath did by fell fortune meet.
At threat of war this hero did resign
Because—magnanimous—none by him might shine.

Sonnet Thirty

A Box of Kittens

The kittens have begun to straddle 'round
The cunning creatures with their tails in air!
As stiff as ram-rod, like the "stern" of hound
Or pointer which the woodcock's scent doth *flaire*.
Their weak hind-quarters totter as they go
Their little paws spread out and clutch the floor
Their pace is cautious and exceeding slow
With nose to ground as tho' they track'd a "spoor."
No sound from out their little frames doth come—
They're too concentrated on th' aforesaid aim—
The only sound 's their mother's purring hum
As towards her young her watchful glance doth aim.
No cat was ever "catty" unto me.
I'm fond of cats. Cats little lions be.

Sonnet Thirty-one

Jezebel

A lady now I paint—a Jezebel
A rakish creature with a *cocotte's* face—
An English woman—but no names I tell—
Whose novels starkly are a black disgrace.
The apostle, she, of sly adultery
Of smug licentiousness in married guise
And all the subterfuge—skullduggery
That drapes its nakedness from public eyes.
Talent she hath but 'tis lascivious—
Her soul did Kipling draw in his “Vampire”—
Of heart or conscience all oblivious
To cash and conquest doth she sole aspire.
To limn this lady almost makes me blush.
Now as to who she is, just one word—hush.

Sonnet Thirty-two

The Turkey Trot

Vulgarity, debauchery, hand in hand
Now whirl their way down Gotham's gilded halls.
The spectacle so shocks it makes us stand
At gaze in horror! So the sight appals!
Debauchèd cads enticing maidens on
To "trot" and "hug" in most unseemly maze
And all the meretricious airs to don
That meet the Cabaret's licentious gaze!
To writhe and squirm and wriggle turn and twist
To faint and languish in their partner's grasp
T' obey the guidance of an amorous wrist
As hip to hip their yielding forms they clasp!
This sight in New York 's seen 'most any day
"Hip! Hip! Hooraw!" It makes the demons say.

Sonnet Thirty-three

Solitude

If 'twixt my lips sonnets tumultuous pour
Like molten lava down Vesuvius' side
Therein are wither'd up fool, rogue or bore
Thereby hypocrisy is scarified.
My verse compose I as I ride along
In silent reverie on men and things
On horse-back thus is born my fighting-song
From the saddle doth my Muse strong spread her wings.
As thro' the forest I do slowly ride—
These dear Virginia woods that I love so—
My verse oft paces with my horse's stride
And thus in unison we silent go.
No poet e'er did love sweet Nature more
Nor hotter hated liar, knave or bore.

Sonnet Thirty-four

**“The Heart is Deceitful above all things and
Desperately Wicked”**

—Jeremiah.

I'm the only man who knows how bad men are
—Bar popular confessor i' th' Romish Church—
My kind family imprison'd me “for fair”—
Hop'd they left me had forever in the lurch.
No better blood than theirs i' th' land is found
More expensive education none e'er had
Touching travel they have been the wide world round
Yet in spite of this their record's very bad.
Two of my brothers 'gainst me perjur'd deep
Swore to a lie—“railroaded” me to gaol.
At freedom ne'er should I have had a peep
Had I not ta'en “French leave”—taken “leg-bail.”
The heart of man's as desperate today
As when Jeremiah his dark words did say.

Sonnet Thirty-five

“The Love of Money is the Root of All Evil”

But lust for lucre and a rankling spite
Which they had nurs'd 'gainst me for many years
Their feeble principle o'erbalanc'd quite
And made them prison risk with all its fears.
My million and a half quite turn'd their brain
They lusted for it with a miser's lust
Tho' all and several had about the same
Each and all decided my gold have they *must*.
So as black a plot as e'er in brain of man
Did germinate, gestate, and final rise
My family did plot—and plotting plan
As shrewd a plot as e'er did fright men's eyes.
Thus love and hate conjoin'd combatted me
'Twas love of gold, and hate of me, you see.

Sonnet Thirty-six

My Parents

No grander Parents e'er did have a man
Than my sweet Mother and my Father stern.
A Roman he, built on the antique plan
That with justice treats the wrongs one doth discern
With justice which sweet mercy tempereth
A justice which is tingèd deep with love
And o'er his offspring's budding passions hov'reth
With a constancy nought earthly can remove.
Religion in these two was vital breath
Where practice joinèd hand in hand with creed
Turning dark death into a victor's wreath
The laurel that doth crown the warrior's meed!
Thus birth, wealth, training, and rich learning's use
Shower'd on their children from hand profuse.

Sonnet Thirty-seven

They Are Seven

With seven brothers and sisters am I curst.
My juniors, they, and all are fair to see.
In them doth beauty make of mask the worst
That e'er in noble guise hid treachery.
The women charming as the men are brave
—Two have brave records in the Spanish war—
With charm which the beholder soft doth lave
As cooling unguents o'er a burning scar.
Yet these lovely ladies left me to dry-rot
Linger and perish in a noisome cell
And yet these warlike brothers blood forgot
And doomed me untried to a living Hell!
Three ladies and four gentlemen 's the roll
Their record's knell do I now slowly toll.

Sonnet Thirty-eight

Midnight*

The thunder mutters fitfully o'erhead.
The sulphurous air comes heavy to the lungs
Anon a sheet o' summer lightning's shed,
Anon, the muttering strengthens into booms.
The rain has ceased. Merely a Death-Watch drop
Falls tickingly from the eaves to th' metall'd roof
Below, porch-covering. Hist! The Death-Ticks stop!
Drowned in a flood of rain resonant as hoof -
Of Fairy charger galloping a-main!
Again, as 't came, the rain ceases suddenly.
From the field a cricket's monotone refrain—
Silvery sleigh-bell tinkle—throbs bubblingly.
So sharp ring the changes on Life's deep-toned Bells
Now mad peals of Joy or Victory—now knells.

Sonnet Thirty-nine

A Call *

Think not because I see the Sin and Shame
Of this distracted mercenary Age,
Think not because that I can villains blame
And cause black rascals to grow white wi' rage
Think not because of this I cannot see—
And what is deeper *feel* to my heart's core—
The worthy struggling in Oppression's Sea—
Hear their death-cries rise o'er Her murderous roar!
'Tis because that them labouring brave I see
Grim-mute, or Indian death-yells dire I hear
Their brave stedfast purpose strikes my sympathy,
Their cry "How long!" hath come unto my ear.
Reserve your strength! Sagaciously strive on!
Wait—not too long—in me you've wary champion.

Sonnet Forty

Wordsworth^{*}

The clang o' Shakspeare Wordsworth 's on your tongue!
The brazen clang, the thunderous clang o' war!
Anon the mystic witchery o' th' rune
As dim as Autumn mists steals lazily o'er
The chords. Anon the Prophet—chant o' th' Seer
Rises, floats, falls majestically adown
The caverns dark mysterious o' th' weird,
Th' unknown, the sinister, the beautiful mound
Of Thought—the Mind. The Mind! That link atween
The visible and th' invisible. The chain
Binding willing and unwilling to Th' Unseen!
Faith or Doubt to break these fetters—all is vain.
To pierce or steal their secrets which bewilder
Was placed beyond our reach by *The Mound-Builder*.

Sonnet Forty-one

The Rubicon of the Unknown

A wanderer, pale, ragged, haggard, forlorn
But buoyed by a courage greater far
Than e'er grasp'd sword—e'en tho' of Hope all bare-shorn—
For o'er his heart Despair shone as icy star—
Unarmed, struck with his fist th' embattled Door
Of Paradise! A Voice, whence unknown, smote th' ear
"Mean ruffian what dare make you here! Before
These Gates! Before *this* Door! *What make you here!*"
"I make a venture. Pray Unknown Voice, say on."
"Mortal, surely you wot not what you do!"
"True. And care not what I do—so something's done!
All earth's draughts have I quaffed—Her pleasures
plummed to
The bottom. Nought's left to me but Th' Unknown.
For me nought's left but—cross Th' Unknown's rubicon!"

Sonnet Forty-two

“There is a Tide”

*“There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.
Omitted—all the voyage of their lives
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.”*

—Shakspeare.

This tide I took, and it did carry me
Beyond the furthest bourne of past emprise
Beyond the dimmest reach of poesy
Beyond Imagination's piercing eyes.
And what did I bring back from that far land
The Heart of Nature and the Throne of Time,
Whose waves crisp dreamily along its strand
Beat without sound in this still mystic clime?
That Nature more mysterious is by far!
Than sage e'er guessed or poet even dreamed
That Truth gleams *distant* from us as a star
Of which the first faint rays have scarcely beamed!
Or soon or late *all* reach this distant shore.
So Conscience be the guide—for evermore!

NOTE.—“So” is here used in the sense “provided that.”

Sonnet Forty-three

“Le Noir Faineant” *

or

After the Tournament

On his snow-white battle charger fierce “Mesrour”
Follow’d by his plump of spears he rode away—
His Free Companions tried—of aspect dour
Scorners of death whom *nothing* can dismay
With such men at his back he welcomes strife
Its din rings in his ears as sweet as song
Tinting the dark monotony of life
To a symphony whose chords rise rich as strong!
For them that frowning horde o’ th’ wielders o’ th’ pen—
Hostile Critic—Journalists—is wholesome meat!
Thro’ their vast numbers ride these trained men
Carving at will—to right and left—“*Defeat*”
On “Mesrour” the horse of death the steed of doom
He forced a world in arms to give him room.

Group of Six Dramatic Sonnets Entitled

*THE ROSARY.**

*Written For Those In Great Tribulation, To Whom Resignation Has
Not Yet Come.*

*First Samuel, 23 and 29: "And David went up from thence, and
dwelt in strongholds at En-gedi."*

24 and 1: "In the wilderness of En-gedi."

*Ecclesiastes, 4; 1-2-3: "So I returned, and considered all the op-
pressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as
were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their
oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter.*

*Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than
the living which are yet alive.*

*Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who
hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun."*

*Book of Job, 38 and 3: "Gird up now thy loins like a man—and
answer thou me."**

—God to Job.

**Hebrew "make me know."*

Sonnet Forty-four

The Rosary

(I)

(The Solitary of En-gedi *loquitur.*)

“Jehovah Jah a studious word with Thee
I’ve served Thee now for lo! full fifty years
During which time all cause for joy and glee
Hath been foul swamped in full cause for tears.
My patience now doth draw unto an end
And logic saith ‘The Almighty hath “gone back.”’
So you and I now part, mine august Friend,
Until You’ve proven that Thou canst ‘come back.’
‘So mote it be!’ And Heaven speed the day!
When God Almighty once more gets His grip.
On that grand day I’ll raise a roundelay
And shout Hosannas from tumultuous lip.
Here’s strength to God Almighty’s outstretch’d arm
May it soon be strong enough to save from harm!”

Sonnet Forty-five

The Rosary

(II)

“If I can help Thee, simply say the word
In aught that man can do I’ll rend Thee aid
If You’ll supply the troops I’ll draw the sword
For of blood-letting I’m not the least afraid.
That You need help is long beyond all talk
For nothing canst Thou do without vile man.
Ask You to do a thing *sans* man’s help, You balk.
I’ve frequent tried—and don’t believe You can.
There’s something rotten in great Denmark’s State
There’s something wrong about the ‘Great White Throne’
Satan caught You napping—You got up too late
And so ‘lost out’ and so can’t stand alone.
Now to beat the Devil You must call in man
Whose days are shuttle-swift—whose life a span.”

Sonnet Forty-six

The Rosary

(III)

"I'm surely sorry You're in such a hole
It grieves me much. It even makes me sore
That God Almighty is in need of dole
Must pass the hat, and humbly crave for more.
It is *too bad*, when one doth think thereon,
It is a shame, it is, a beastly shame
That Omnipotence should feel fell Fortune's frown
And for man's rascality must take the blame.
It is a pity deep as *ever* was
That 'The Man of War' should port a bad black eye
How did it happen—O! Thou great First Cause
How did it come to pass—the wherefore—why?
Summon Thy courage! Answer if you can!
Recall old Job! Gird up and be a man!"

Sonnet Forty-seven

The Rosary

(IV)

“That Thou art crafty none ‘in the know’ can doubt
You’re smooth as any Jew—as *bien rusé*
And deep deceive a man beyond all doubt
And on his feelings will most lightsome play.
Great Moses’ bout with Thee proves this to th’ hilt
You falsified to Moses right along
With Moses frequently You made truth *wilt*
But he was ‘on to’ You, and ‘held’ You strong!
You made the Devil—he’s Your own sweet job—
He’s ‘got nothing on You’ when it comes to guile—
Its easy to You as rolling off a log
It comes as easy as a Fakir’s smile
In Moses surely You did meet Your match
And Moses napping did You *never* catch!”

Sonnet Forty-eight

The Rosary

(V)

"I take my leave of Thee—won't be gainsay'd
I've but one regret on earth—but *that* is rank
I spurn the nearly fifty years I've pray'd—
Spurn as deep as tho' each of the fifty *stank!*
As well pour water down a dark rat hole
Or blow (to bursting) up a hollow tree
Or hire as pilot a round, sleek, fat mole
As look for aid or comfort unto Thee.
Deaf to injustice as an adder's ears
Blind to foul wrong as ever was a bat
Your impotence is worthy naught but jeers
Or hottest blasphemy "right off the bat."
Dark Moloch mark the parting of the ways
And look Your last on him who no more prays."

Sonnet Forty-nine

The Rosary

(VI)

- “What a fearful bluff was that *re* Jesus Christ!
‘Lo! I come quickly’ is the rankest lie
The biggest belli’d bluff, I truly wist
That on Time’s burdened table e’er did lie.
Naught can defend it—’tis a deep untruth.
There’s not a word of truth that lurks therein
To put up such a bluff, is, in good sooth,
To gambol nimbly on the verge of sin.
- I’m sick of man because I know the brute
I’m sick of God because He won’t “make good”
I’m sick of Christ—because, beyond dispute,
He *won’t* ‘come quickly’—by the Holy Rood!
Thus this foul world’s ’twixt Hell and high water
- The wise man’s watch-word is: ‘Watch out!—with Laugh-
ter.’ ”

Sonnet Fifty

A Twentieth Century Psalm

(I)

I wish to God, O! God, that Thou wert here
To take Thine august seat upon the Bench.
My request is somewhat difficult, I fear,
Thy coming *would* give man a fearful wrench!
But Thou, O Lord, seest the heart of man
Thine eye all penetrant is full as keen
As when the face of David Thou didst scan
And spake to Samuel those words serene.
So Thou dost know that I do wish Thou'dst come
Thou knowest what I write is no man's bluff
For years—near seventeen—my woof's been spun
Is not my web of patience warp'd enough?
But I believe, O Lord, Thou know'st Thy game
So by faith I'll cling to what none can explain.

Sonnet Fifty-one

A Twentieth Century Psalm

(II)

*"Let the Lord Arise and His Enemies Be Scattered."**—King David.*

That is my wish, Jehovah Jah, my hope.
The time appears to me to be full ripe
That the New York rogues with whom so long I cope
Should my goods give up, and don the coming stripe.
Thou know'st, Jehovah, I no prophet am
Therefore speak I under Thy sùpreme will
If the time is not fulfill'd in Thy world-plan
Grimly I'll suffer till Thy sands do fill.
But when that time doth come, show that toward wrong
Thine arm 's as long as e'er it was before
And to avenge and protect th' oppress'd as strong
That "The everlasting arms" are those of yore!
'Tis not for myself that I put up this psalm
To protect myself I've prov'd that I am calm.

Sonnet Fifty-two

Death

When our appointed sands shall run their course
When in life's brief hour-glass none doth remain
When death's mysterious river we must cross
The following thoughts may ease the Soul her pain.
Death the Angel is of all activity
The "open sesame" to action rare!
The quick'ning of a new nativity
In a world which is as dreadful as it's fair.
The bones do rest, the dust doth rest. *They rest.*
But the *Spirit*—that which sprang from God's bright
Throne
The Spirit which His breath gives life and zest
The Spirit thro' eternity goes on!
Tomb the portal is to Hell or Paradise
Purgatory is Hell and *versa vice*.

Sonnet Fifty-three

The Armour of the Soul

To that mighty architect o' th' Christian Creed
Tarsiàn Saul—of all apostles great—
To whose words of fire turn'd I in hour of need
These simple lines I humbly dedicate.
That soul encompassed is in còmplete steel
Lock'd up in armour, mailclad, all in proof!
That ne'er the stab of Conscience e'er doth feel
That ne'er from her soul's Lord doth feel reproof.
The helm of wisdom should she then put on—
Not erudition—mere, but deep common-sense.
Then seize the shield all darts strike blunt upon
The Gorgon-shield of calm indifference.
With the *weapon* for the soul St. Paul did forge
A man might vie in battle with St. George!

Sonnet Fifty-four

L'Envoi

A Salt-Water-Ananias

or

Yo-Heave- Ho! My Hearties

(Dedicated to the author of the following editorial paragraph.)

"If Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner doesn't want the public to become convinced that he really is mentally unbalanced he will quit unloading his poems on it."—Norfolk (Va.) *Pilot*, June 13, 1913.

Since when, my little man, were you elect
To pass on poems or on sanity
That you judicial office should effect
And—barefac'ed—beget th' above inanity?
Prince Bismarck once remarked on "The Reptile Press"
—That section of the press that loves a lie—
If he'd had to deal with thee I frankly guess—
The *Pismire Press*, we'd see in History!
A snake's too big a thing to picture you—
A man attack'd by snake doth sometimes die—
But a man whom little you attempt to do
Hath nothing worse to face than a nasty lie.
Virginia's courts prov'd my mind's sans a flaw
Yet *you—turn-coat—deride* your own State's law.

Sonnet Fifty-five

A Fresh-Water-Ananias

or

A Biff for "Little Bing"

"John Armstrong Chaloner—the 'Who's Looney Now?' man—has written a poem which his lawyer says will prove he is sane. After reading the poem we're inclined to think his best chance is to plead an alibi." —*Press*, Binghamton, N. Y., June 14, 1913.

Here's another *pillar o' th' Pismire Press!*—
Paragapher o' th' "Press" of Little Bing—
Who of the truth makes much the nasty mess
As "salt-water-pismire"—whom we recent sing,
The Devil doth work strong in souls like these
Such souls Hell's vassals are—His vavasours—
Hence lying with them is a real disease
A very *pestilence* that knows *no* cure!
"Plague, pestilence, and famine" dwell in them
—A harbourge they are for Hell's Three Hounds—
Each hath an itch to plague all brighter men
While their famine of all honour knows *no* bounds!
May the owners of said papers their house clean
And purge their paper's pay-rolls of souls so mean.

Sonnet Fifty-six

The Future Duke of Asteroid[†]
or
"Cousin Willie "

Bravo! Cousin Willie! *Punch 'em* once again!
Buy another paper, and then, keep on!
And show these "bloomin' perishin' " Englishmen
You're bound to win the game you're bent upon.
And when you're made the Duke of Asteroid—
The Duke of Astor'd be too big for you—
See that a cleaver's on your arm's deployed—
A butcher's cleaver thereon doth spring in view.
The Butcher of Waldorf's son a genius was—
No greater Merchant Prince did ever live—
So of this genius give the natal cause
To axe and chopping-block all honour give!
That my blue-blood mingled with thy humble strain
Doth please me much—I *love* the people plain.

[†]On reading, June 21st, 1913, in a London dispatch, that William Waldorf Astor has just acquired the London "Morning Post," he now already owning the London "Pall-Mall Gazette" and London "Observer."

Appendix

The "Tribune"

New York City, July 15, 1912

Chaloner Cuts off all His Relatives

FORMER HUSBAND OF AMELIE RIVES DEVISES HIS
PROPERTY TO EDUCATIONAL AND
CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

RETAINS CONTROL FOR LIFE.

LEGALLY INSANE IN NEW YORK, BUT SANE IN EVERY OTHER STATE, HE HAS
QUARRELLED WITH ALL THE CHANLERS—ESTATE WORTH A MILLION.

RICHMOND, Va., July 14.—John Armstrong Chaloner made public today the details of a deed, filed with Sterling M. Gary, clerk of the Superior Court, Halifax County, N. C., on May 13, 1912, by virtue of which he devises all of his property, both in this State and in New York, to different institutions and charities. The boards of visitors of the University of Virginia and of the University of North Carolina are made Chaloner's residuary legatees.

The deed disposes of property worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and was created, according to Mr. Chaloner, for the express purpose of preventing his relatives from sharing in his estate in the event of his death.

John Armstrong Chaloner has figured in court proceedings frequently in recent years. He was adjudged insane and committed to the Bloomingdale Asylum in 1897 at the instance of several of his near relatives. On Thanksgiving Eve, 1900, he escaped from the institution and made his way to Philadelphia, where he voluntarily submitted to a six months' observation treatment by prominent alienists in that city. These physicians pronounced him sane. Chaloner then returned to his ancestral estate, "The Merry Mills," at Cobham, Va., and has spent most of his time there and in North Carolina since.

A peculiar feature of Chaloner's case lies in the fact that he is legally a lunatic in New York State, but is perfectly sane and competent in every other State in the Union. In June, 1908, the Superior Court of North Carolina gave Mr. Chanler permission to change his last name to Chaloner (the ancient form of the name), by which he is now known. He changed the spelling of his name, he said, to escape the stigma which has become identified with the name of Chanler owing to the court proceedings.

DEED EXECUTED IN MAY.

Mr. Chaloner constantly refers to the deed executed by him on May 13th last as "my last will and testament," and after reciting in brief the details of the court proceedings to have him committed to Bloomingdale, in 1897, states he has taken "the following means of meeting the undesirable condition which confronts him." He then formally disposes of the different parcels of real estate, shares of stock and personal property.

Mr. Chaloner makes a provision to the effect that he reserves full control of all the properties deeded and the voting power of all securities bequeathed, as well as the enjoyment of the income thereof, for his life. He also reserves the right to devise the proceeds of the income from his property to various educational institutions, specified as follows:

To the Paris Prize Fund, amounting to \$75,000, and originated by Mr. Chaloner, a certain percentage of the income of his estate, to be set aside annually. This fund is for the purpose of bestowing scholarships of \$4,500 each, for a five-year course of study in Paris and other European art centres, for art students of both sexes.

To Columbia University, of New York, the sum of \$10,000 is given, to be invested by that institution and the income thereof to go to increasing the Chanler Historical Prize, founded by John Winthrop Chanler.

Other institutions to be benefited by the terms of Mr. Chaloner's will are the Virginia Military Institute, \$10,000, to be applied to a scholarship, to be described in Mr. Chaloner's "last will and testament"; the Virginia Polytechnic Institution, \$10,000; the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, of North Carolina, \$10,000; the town of Roanoke Rapids, N. C., \$10,000, the income thereof to be "applied to the annual purchase of a Christmas tree for the public school children and a present for each child."

The University of South Carolina is given the sum of \$10,000, to be applied to a scholarship, as is the South Carolina Military College. The Clemson Agricultural College, of South Carolina, is also given

\$10,000 for a scholarship, and the last institution named is the College of Charleston, S. C., for a like amount.

The total sum called for in these bequests to educational institutions amounts to \$90,000, and Mr. Chaloner specifies that if the accumulated income on his death be not sufficient to pay these bequests he authorizes his executor, the Virginia Trust Company, of Richmond, to encumber any piece of New York property he owns for the purpose of raising the necessary amount, but not to sell any piece thereof. The ten-story office building at No. 298 Broadway, New York City, owned by Mr. Chaloner, is excepted in this clause of the deed.

The parcels of real estate and securities deeded to the boards of visitors of the Universities of Virginia and of North Carolina include:

(1) 856 shares of the preferred capital stock of the United Industrial Company, grounds and factory, at Roanoke Rapids, N. C., of the par value of \$100 each, and 230 shares of the common capital stock, valued at \$100 each.

(2) 3,540 shares of the capital stock of the Roanoke Rapids Power Company of the par value of \$10 each (formerly \$100 each, reduced to \$10 each), standing in the name of the grantor. This company owns land and water power at Roanoke Rapids, in the State of North Carolina.

(3) Promissory note of the United Industrial Company, dated August 19, 1898, for \$8,000, payable to the order of the grantor, secured by deed of trust or mortgage made by said company to Prescott Hall Butler, as trustee, of even date with said note of or upon the lands and mill and buildings and water rights of said company, situated at Roanoke Rapids, Halifax County, N. C.

(4) Second mortgage made by the United Industrial Company to the grantor upon its lands and mills and buildings and water rights, situated at Roanoke Rapids, Halifax County, N. C., dated September 15, 1898, to secure the payment of \$35,112.64 on September 15, 1899, and interest thereon at 6 per cent. per annum, subject to above mentioned first mortgage.

(5) The grantor's share in the Cozine farm, in New York City, left to him by his grandaunt, Laura Astor Delano.

(6) Lot of land, with the ten-story office building thereon, situated in the borough of Manhattan, in the city of New York, and known by the street number 298 Broadway.

(7) A villa site of about 360 acres on the Hudson River, in the township of Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, New York.

(8) A farm or tract of land situated in the town of Red Hook, in the county of Dutchess, in the State of New York, called the Sipperly Farm, comprising about sixty acres of land, with a small house and barn thereon.

(9) The three hundred acre, more or less, cotton plantation known as the Badger Place, in Halifax County, N. C., between the towns of Roanoke Rapids and Weldon, together with several parcels of real estate in Roanoke Rapids.

HE IS KIN OF ASTORS.

At the time of Mr. Chaloner's incarceration in the Bloomingdale Asylum the affair created a furor in New York society. He is the eldest of the eight children of the late John Winthrop Chanler, of New York, and Charleston, S. C.; through whom he is descended from John Winthrop, first Governor of Massachusetts under King Charles II, and Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam, now New York. His father died some years ago. Mr. Chaloner is also related to the Astor family of New York through his late mother, a granddaughter of the original John Jacob Astor. He is a cousin of William Waldorf Astor and John Jacob Astor, who went down with the White Star liner "Titanic." He is now about forty-nine years old.

Mr. Chaloner's brothers and sisters are Winthrop Astor Chanler, Colonel William Astor Chanler, ex-Congressman from New York; Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, former Lieutenant-Governor of New York; Robert Winthrop Chanler, formerly Sheriff of Dutchess County, New York; Elizabeth Winthrop Chanler Chapman, Margaret Livingston Chanler Aldrich and Alida Beeckman Chanler Emmet.

John Armstrong Chaloner married Amelie Rives, the writer, on June 14, 1888, and she divorced him in 1895, because of incompatibility of temperament. She later married Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, a Russian portrait painter.

Ever since his escape from Bloomingdale Mr. Chaloner has shown the greatest bitterness against his relatives who sought to have him adjudged insane. He has at all times refused to treat with them, no matter what the occasion.

In March, 1909, Chaloner shot and killed John Gillard in the Merry Mills house in a scuffle over a revolver. Gillard had attacked his—Gillard's—wife, and had drawn a revolver, preparatory to shooting her, when Chaloner grappled with the man, the weapon being discharged in the fight. A jury of Virginia farmers acquitted Chaloner and complimented him on the splendid courage he had shown in defending the life of Mrs. Gillard.

Chaloner later bought a piece of ground and erected a tombstone to Gillard.*

*The coroner's jury on March 16, 1909, acquitted Chaloner of shooting Gillard, in the following language, in effect: Gillard was killed by a bullet from a revolver in his hands and those of John Armstrong Chaloner, while the latter was attempting, in good faith, to prevent Gillard from shooting his, Gillard's, wife.

* Prologue: page xxxi.

Right here the author of "Scorpio" must perforce pause—not "for a reply," but to forestall a false reply upon the part of uninformed or hostile critics. When it is understood that around this man's name whirl six libel suits, in three great cities, involving hundreds of thousands of dollars of damages, now pending; the most casual reader will see that it is a friendly—a charitable—act, upon our part to prevent all possibility of a misunderstanding concerning our attitude in the said Gillard affair, and thus prevent the necessity of our bringing fresh libel suits on account of new lies dished up by malicious and evil-disposed members of the great Journalistic profession.

In the first place, the author of "Scorpio" was upon the defensive from first to last in said Gillard affair. It is not our purpose to take the cream off one of the most dramatic newspaper stories ever developed in a court of law, by saying one unnecessary word about the inside facts of the said sad catastrophe. All that will be brought to town in due time, when our said libel suits reach a hearing. Let it suffice to say therefore, that it has already been incontrovertibly proved—in legal proceedings already had in said premises—that *the writer was knocked down twice by said Gillard, with a pair of heavy iron tongs, before the writer raised a finger against said Gillard. That even after being knocked down, the writer did not raise a finger against said Gillard until said Gillard had seized a revolver and pointed it full in his—said Gillard's—wife's face, with the indisputable desire of discharging same.* Then, and then only, did the author of "Scorpio" grapple with said Gillard in order to prevent murder in his own dining-room at "The Merry Mills," whither said Gillard's wife, accompanied by an infant in arms, three or four other small children, and her fourteen-year-old son, had come for temporary refuge of a few hours—until the two white, married, farmers at "The Merry Mills" should return, with their wives and children, from visiting a neighbor—when said Gillard's wife and children were to be housed by said farmers' families, until the law could be called in to prevent said Gillard from beating his wife to death—it being only after a severe beating with a poker that said Gillard's wife and family mustered up courage enough to fly from Gillard to the protection of the law, as aforesaid.

Said Gillard lived about two miles from "The Merry Mills," with his wife and family. Neither said Gillard nor his wife had ever spent a day at "The Merry Mills" or been employed by the writer. Said Gillard had been the recipient of considerable charitable aid from the writer for several months preceding his demise, for the reason

that he was out of a job, couldn't get one—he was a skilled mechanic—at the moment in a country neighborhood—and had a large family of young children. The writer—as can be readily ascertained by inquiring where he lives, in Albemarle County, Virginia, or Halifax County, North Carolina—believes in practicing Christianity, if one claims to be a Christian. And the author of “The Rosary” emphatically is a Christian, with a faith—in these weak-kneed chocolate-éclair-spined times—second only in intensity to that of David, King of Israel. “Perfect love casteth out fear”: hence the author of “The Rosary” is unafraid of the tinge of blasphemy shading that series of sonnets. *Verbum sap.*

To resume and conclude. Being a Christian practitioner, the author of “The Rosary” followed the lead given in “bear ye one another's burdens” and took on the load of the Gillard family with a heavy sigh—for it was a heavy load! Paid the rent of their house, and guaranteed the local storekeepers against loss in supplying the said family with necessities of life, until such time as the big plant in Richmond, Va., should open, full force; in which said Gillard had been employed upon his recent arrival from England with his family, from which he—with a large number of other skilled mechanics—was turned off, owing to a partial shut-down of the shops. So much for the facts in the case.

In the second and last place, our invitation to hostiles in the Prologue is such an one as puts us on the defensive—not makes us the aggressor. It is hard to imagine a predicament in which the author of “Scorpio” could be forced into being the aggressor. If the language of any paper is too strong to be replied to in kind—i. e., by the pen in one of the various “Scorpios,” No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, etc., etc., we are fully content to allow the arm of the law to avenge us, and not our own. Hence it would, and could, only be in case an irate hostile came after us that any trouble could ensue. In which event—in the premises—it would not be of our seeking, any more than the Gillard affair was of our seeking. Can the thickest-headed hostile that ever guided a pen claim that there is anything “contrary to Hoyle” in our position?

*The "Press"**Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, April 28, 1913*

John Armstrong Chaloner Turns to Writing Sonnets

LATEST BOOK ENTITLED "SCORPIO" A COLLECTION OF SHORT POEMS
CONTAINING LOTS OF "PUNCH"—RAPS GOLDEN HORSESHOE.

GRANDSON OF ASTOR, WHO SPENT SIX MONTHS IN SANITARIUM HERE,
SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN DETAINED, DR. TAYLOR DECLARES.

John Armstrong Chaloner is writing sonnets.

Whosoever must scratch his head to recall who John Armstrong Chaloner is, need only recall newspaper and magazine articles of the last half dozen years, those stories about the millionaire Virginian who was confined in a New York insane asylum at the instance of his family.

"Who's looney now?" became a by-word in conversation and writings when Chaloner escaped from "Bloomington," where he was confined, and went back to his home at Merry Mills, Cobham, Va. It was Chaloner himself who asked the question and he directed it at those members of his own family, who, he maintained, had him incarcerated so that they could use and manage his estate.

It will be remembered that Chaloner came directly to Philadelphia when he escaped and as "John Childe" entered a private sanitarium, where after six months of observation he was declared a normal man by Drs. J. Madison Taylor, H. C. Wood and Thompson Jay Hudson. It was at Dr. Taylor's sanitarium that he stayed as "John Childe."

Dr. Taylor was asked yesterday if he had read Chaloner's book of sonnets, which has been entitled "Scorpio."

SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN DETAINED.

"Yes, I have," the alienist said, "and I consider it a fine and unique effort of special pleading." Dr. Taylor said that Chaloner had been evidently normal from the first day he set foot in the sanitarium in this city and that he should never have been detained anywhere. It was always plain that Chaloner was a brilliant man, the doctor said, but while here he had never given any inkling of his intention to write.

This book "Scorpio" is a collection of really brilliant sonnets. They follow the Shakespearean style in construction, and have what might be called the "punch." He tells very frankly in his prologue, in which he chooses to employ the editorial "we" rather than the first person, that he well realizes that magazines and newspapers and similar agencies are so controlled that they cannot print what their editors would wish, but that he with his million dollars behind him can do much as he pleases, and devil take the hindmost.

So he chooses his subjects from a wide field and hammers whom he pleases. As an indicative title, he could not have chosen better than "Scorpio." He whips and scourages with a real vehemence, and there is both logic and music in his way of putting it together.

RAPS GOLDEN HORSESHOE.

For instance: "The Devil's Horseshoe." In this particular period of opera unrest, of which Philadelphia is getting its share now, it is interesting to print that especial sonnet. To any one who has ever been in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York it is evident that he has in mind the Golden Horseshoe. Here it is:

A fecund sight for the philosopher—
 Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—
 That gem-bedizn'd "horse shoe" at th' Opera,
 Replete with costly hags and matrons fair!
 His votaresses doth Mammon there array,
 His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!
 To Mammon there do they their homage pay;
 Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace,
 Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;
 Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;
 Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
 Their escorts parvenus of feature coarse.
 A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
 But, spite of them, the music's very nice.

In the prologue, which by the way, is every bit as interesting as are the sonnets themselves, he explains that he does not take himself seriously, that he backs no "isms," advocates no new departures, detests cranky theories, and then continues in this wise:

We—meaning himself—are guided by the same everyday principles of the educated man in the street, who has happened to run across a medium for flaying fools and rogues that, in concentration,

swiftness of action, and completeness of result, beats any form of satirical flagellation. We allude, of course, to the Shakespearean form of sonnet, ending, as it does, in a rhyming climax—a rhythmic knock-out blow.

ODE TO JOURNALISTS.

Chaloner does say some pleasant things. Take for example the sonnet he calls Journalists.

All hail ye doughty wielders o' The Pen!
Ye bold swashbucklers o' the daily press.
I hold ye high amongst the sons of men.
I honor the talent that ye all possess.
For talent ye must have or ye'd starve to death.
On newspapers the fittest sole survives,
That race is to the swift—the deep of breath.
The strength o' your good sword-arms saves your lives.
The press today's the arena of the world.
There, fame and gold—in time—reward each sword,
Which, when the daily dust of combat's curl'd,
Can unerring strike upon the gleaming word!
Once more all hail! And all prosperity.
All in the day's work once you "roasted" me.

SAYS "SCORPIO" IN THERE TO STAY.

"Scorpio," so its author tells, has come to stay. He promises its appearance at intervals of no certain schedule, but it will come, and in it will be the sonnetorial criticism of all those big figures, whom, he declares, the press dare not strike. So now Chaloner spends most his time at Merry Mills or on his estate at Roanoke Rapids, N. C. His book is from the Palmetto Press at Roanoke.

Chaloner has written and done other things besides "Scorpio." He wrote "Four Years Behind the Bars of Bloomingdale," and he married Amelie Rives, the author of "The Quick or the Dead." That marriage has been since dissolved and she is now better known as Princess Troubetzkoy.

Besides his efforts and successes in writing, Mr. Chaloner spends a deal of time in lecturing and studying. He has labored long over the acquirement of a knowledge of lunacy laws, and he still stays outside of the State of New York under the pain of being arrested as an escaped lunatic the moment he sets foot in there. He takes credit for nothing that is not his, and in that ever-interested prologue tells just whom he considers his masters, thus:

We tread humbly after our four masters, to wit: Juvenal, Voltaire, Swift and Byron. We aim, however lowly, at the strength of Juvenal, the keenness of Voltaire, the fierceness of Swift and the form of Byron.

ASTOR'S GRANDSON.

The story of John Armstrong Chaloner could be made to run for columns, even the recital of the last few years of his life. He is a great-great-grandson of the first John Jacob Astor, and his experiences are linked with names both highly colored and honored. Just for instance, one might recall his own assertion that Stanford White was the man who lured him to Bloomingdale.

The alleged "New Vision of Hell," being a spirit message therefrom, by Chaloner, gives another vision of the man. It seems that he has gone William James one better. As yet no Philadelphians have come in for the talons of Chaloner's scourge, but he has emphasized the fact that he neither fears anyone nor has any prejudice or partial leanings, so it is fair to assume that such a sonnet will come.

The "Commercial"

Buffalo, New York, May 3, 1913

Scorpion, in Biblical usage, means a scourge, and as used by J. A. Chaloner in his recently issued "Scorpio," the lash must be constantly held in mind, for the eccentric author has certainly laid about him with a vim. Practically no class of society or any individual branch of the professions is left immune from his castigation. But not all of Mr. Chaloner's sonnets are of the vitriolic character. In some are shown the tender emotions of the true poet. There is an oddity to the book, which of itself gives it a species of charm, though the absolute truth of some of his arraignments must not be lost sight of. In a lengthy appendix, the writer, through copious newspaper extracts, gives the reader a glimpse of personal history, which at once establishes the fact that "truth is stranger than fiction." The book must be read carefully to be fully appreciated. Its perusal cannot fail to enlist a degree of sympathy for the individual of whose soul torment the contents of the volume appears to be an expression.

*The "Globe and Commercial Advertiser"**New York City, May 3, 1913*

LIFE AND SONNETS OF "AN ASTOR."

Not the least interesting part of John Armstrong Chaloner's book of sonnets called "Scorpio" are the numerous appendices, consisting chiefly of newspaper clippings, in which we may refresh ourselves regarding the amazing career of the author. We read how this millionaire descendant of the original Astor was "railroaded," as he says, by relatives into Bloomingdale, kept there four years, made a sensational escape, and finally turned up in Virginia again, where he married Amelie Rives, the novelist, and was the prototype for the hero of her famous novel, "The Quick or the Dead." But no novel that Amelie Rives ever wrote is more exciting than Chaloner's own story.

Although originally published six years ago, American readers are now for the first time permitted to read "Scorpio." In a note which accompanies his book Mr. Chaloner explains why six years ago he sent his book only to England for review. He was unwilling to add to the many troubles he already had that of possible literary attack. Now, however, that he believes that the litigation in which he has been engaged for seventeen years to recover the control of his property is soon to be terminated favorably, he is unafraid. With \$1,000,000 back of him, as he says, he dares to hurl his book even among those whom it slays. On his title page is the acrimonious phrase from Tacitus "Keenest is the hatred of kin."

In the Shakespearean sonnet Mr. Chaloner believes he has found a medium for slaying his enemies equal to the seven-thonged scourge which is reproduced on the cover of his book; equal even to the prize fighter's blows. In the final rhyming couplet especially he finds a knock-out blow that never fails to be admirably effective. Although for the most part classic in form, as the accompanying note advises us, Mr. Chaloner is not squeamish as to the number of syllables—ten or eleven to the sonnet line is a matter of indifference to him. He refuses "to skimp his meaning for the sake of smoothness."

We had already selected for quotation the sonnet on the Opera before we saw that this is also the one that the London Academy quoted in its review, which is pasted on an inside cover of the book. This is sonnet forty-four, called "The Devil's Horseshoe":

A fecund sight for a Philosopher—
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare,
That gem-bedizen'd "horseshoe" at th' Opera
Replete with costly hags, and matrons fair!

His votaresses doth Mammon there array
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!
To Mammon there do they their homage pay
Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks, and lace,
Crones whose old bosoms within their corsets creak.
Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse.
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts parvenus of features coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
But spite of them, the music's very nice.

Those who are fortunate enough to come into possession of a copy of "Scorpio" should keep it. Six times six years from now it is likely to be more valuable than it is at present, since the freak books of today are likely to be the treasured curiosities of tomorrow. It is published by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Radips, N. C.

The "Journal"

Richmond, Virginia, May 10, 1913

("Scorpio," a Collection of Sonnets. By John Armstrong Chaloner, Cobham, Va.)

If Dr. Sam Johnson, who loved "a very good hater," were living in this day and generation he would be more than apt to take a violent fancy to John Armstrong Chaloner, the author of the little book of sonnets which bears the general title "Scorpio," for Mr. Chaloner assuredly comes in the category of good haters.

It is probable, too, that Dr. Johnson would feel drawn to the author of "Scorpio" for another reason—the fact that the latter, like the great lexicographer, has expressed his dislikes for certain men and things through the medium of satire.

But the dogmatic old man whom Jimmy Boswell adored long since has turned to dust, so Mr. Chaloner must look for friends in another direction. His unique little book perhaps will gain him many and lose him some; at any rate, it will focus the attention of the literary world upon him, for the work sparkles with the jewel of originality.

Whatever crudities it contains—and the most biased critic will confess that it does not lack them—the reader can but admit that the poet has a frank, manly way of hurling his javelins, and as a general thing he makes targets only of those deserving of his wrath.

It is not the purpose of this reviewer to explain why Mr. Chaloner has grievances—he himself does this through statements embodied in the appendix of his book—but we cannot refrain from borrowing a word or so from his prologue.

This prose production makes stimulating reading; it is a defiant, mordant thing with a flavor quite its own.

The poet expresses the belief that the press, for the most part, is muzzled through monetary considerations, and, therefore, he thinks a bold spirit, who has no need to worry about dollars and cents, will find a wide, wide field for criticism if he cares to do some tilting on the free lance plan.

Mr. Chaloner proposes to take this job upon himself, for he is "indifferent alike to advertisers, leaders of high finance, trade unions and the Church." He then announces that he intends to tread humbly after four masters of wit—Juvenal, Voltaire, Swift and Byron. This statement is followed by the assertion that he backs no "isms" or new departures, and detests cranky theories as thoroughly as he detests cranks. Last of all, Mr. Chaloner explains that his medium of aggressiveness will be an imitation of the Shakespearean sonnet, which, ending as it does in a rhyming climax, affords him an opportunity to get in various and divers "rhythmic knock-out blows."

In his salutatory—the sonnet of the book—the poet says:

The nameless folly of the human race,
Its cruel selfishness and trackless guile,
Make me ashamed at sight of human face—
That stamping ground for treachery and wile.

A moment later in true classical fashion he calls on Apollo to help him in his undertaking, and then, as additional auxiliaries, he invokes the Muses—"lovely companions of the Flaming God." Pretty soon after this Mr. Chaloner gets down to business and once he starts his blood circulating, he never allows the dust of the arena to settle. After trumpeting a sort of rhythmic challenge to Swinburne and Kipling who, notwithstanding their virtues, have been detected in certain poetic misdemeanors, Mr. Chaloner sends up an Isaiah-like wail concerning "Columbia" which is couched in these pungent words:

"My country 'tis of thee"—I do not sing.
You're in too sad a plight, believe me, dear,
For plaudits to have aught but a false ring—
The shallow clang of counterfeit to th' ear.
The courage of your soldiers all men know;
Their daring and their patience all have seen.

Your sailors' marksmanship full well doth show
 How accurate their discipline hath been;
 But justice in thy land hath gone astray;
 Believe me, dear, she wanders from the path
 And like a drunken harlot reels her way
 Along the broad road that meets—The People's wrath.
 That your Legislatures and your courts you purge
 "Sweet land"—my land—"of Liberty"—I urge.

Pretty drastic, that, and not altogether unlike political literature! Something else of the same nature, which may not be mal apropos at this season, appears under the caption "The Initiative and Referendum," which contains these lines:

The People's will is kill'd by the humdrum
 Monotony o' the venality o' fat
 Bribe-gorging law-makers, State and National.

It needs hardly be explained, after the reproduction of these samples of verse, that the poet is democratic to the core. He espouses the cause of the working people—

"To whose strong hands earth renders up her spoil"

and likewise he has some kind things to say of journalists. Although his preface has alluded to editors whose utterances are circumscribed by cash considerations, he says: "The press today's the arena of the world." On newspapers, he says, the fittest sole survives, for that race is to the swift—the deep of breath.

"High society"—and alas, the ladies of this upper world—are savagely assailed by the poet, who does not mince words in describing its rottenness. He likewise grows vitriolic in his attack on Dr. Osler, the man who would relegate the old chaps to the rear. Perhaps the individual who most of all feels the severity of the satirist is G. Bernard Shaw, the playwright, who has won Chaloner's everlasting dislike by his contemptuous references to Shakespeare. The poet calls him "that Irish blatherskite rude Bernard Shaw," and concludes one of his sonnets—that entitled "A Bogus Bashaw of Letters"—with this "knock-out blow":

A mere Grub Street critic, he should avoid
 Aught more artistic than the role of joker.
 You carp at Shakespeare, you shock-headed lout.
 Before I've done, I'll turn you inside out.

The casual reader, after perusing such threats as that, might think it a wise plan to put the poet under peace bond, but a little more investigation will show that there are moments when Chaloner is as placid as a Swiss lake. In these moods he writes sonnets which lack the martial ring and substitutes therefor specimens of word painting that are truly beautiful, to say nothing of thoughts that are stately in their dignity.

Virgil could not surpass the poem on "Midsummer," which describes a winged army of fierce-working bees, while the sonnet on "Butterflies" is the very soul of poetry. Indeed, Mr. Chaloner, in his gentler moods will be regarded by some as at his best, though the critic of the London Academy admires him most when he is fiercest.

However great may be the diversity of taste in this matter, it must be admitted that the author of "Scorpio" is no common rhymster, and that his verses are nothing if not entertaining. And perhaps the reason for his aggressive verses may be found in the following lines entitled "Oppression":

Oppression was the rod that struck the rock
And loos'd the fiery floodgates of my tongue.
The click behind me of the prison lock
Unlock'd the fetters that had kept it dumb.
The body free, then was the tongue enchain'd;
The body 'prison'd, then the tongue sprung free.

*The "Virginian"**Richmond, Virginia, April 30, 1913*

Pay Respects to "Fourth Estate"

CHALONER "HAILS" AND PREDICTS FAME AND GOLD WILL COME.

Inside knowledge of "the newspaper game" is displayed by John Armstrong Chaloner, in one of the poems in "Scorpio," the book of sonnets, which just now is greatly interesting the smart set of New York, whose foibles and vices it flays.

After paying his respects to society at the Metropolitan Opera House in his poem, "The Devil's Horseshoe," and after epitomizing the life of John L. Sullivan in another metrical effusion, he takes off his hat to the working members of the "Fourth Estate" and says "Hail!"

Few men in other walks of life have had such intimate relations with the newspaper world as Chaloner. The many vicissitudes of his fortunes, and his activities since he came to reside in Virginia have kept him in print and have brought him into close contact with the men who gather and edit the news. Whether he was fighting to have something "kept out of the papers," or whether he was arguing to have something "put in," the author of "Who's Loony Now?" got close to the powers that be, and every newspaper office in Richmond has known his presence.

Here's his greeting to the newspaper men. He calls it "Journalists," although such things are almost extinct in the United States, and thrive chiefly in London and Paris.

All hail, ye doughty wielders o' The Pen!

Ye bold swashbucklers o' the daily press.

I hold ye high amongst the sons of men;

I honor the talent that ye all possess.

For talent ye must have or ye'd starve to death.

On newspapers the fittest sole survives.

The race is to the swift—the deep of breath.

The strength o' your good sword-arms saves your lives.

The press today's the arena of the world.

There, fame and gold—in time—reward each sword.

Which, when the daily dust of combat's curl'd.

Can unerring strike upon the gleaming word!

Once more all hail! And all prosperity.

All in the day's work once you "roasted" me.

The "American"

Baltimore, Maryland, May 12, 1913

"SCORPIO."

("Scorpio." Sonnets by John Armstrong Chaloner. Published by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.)

The author prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible hitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man "to sleep" with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the "sonnetorial fist," but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking, seven-tonged scourge and he dubs the whole effort "Scorpio."

The "News and Observer"

Raleigh, North Carolina, June 3, 1913

MR. CHALONER'S BOOK OF SONNETS.

Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner, of "Merry Mills," Cobham, Va., has brought out a new book, a collection of sonnets under the title "Scorpio." Mr. Chaloner, who has devoted himself to a reformation of the lunacy laws in various States, is remembered as a visitor to Raleigh during the 1913 session of the North Carolina General Assembly.

The "Courier-Journal"

Louisville, Kentucky, May 10, 1913

("Scorpio." By J. A. Chaloner. Published by Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.)

Sinewy, thoughtful sonnets, stinging to the reader, with occasional ironies. Affairs and men are the themes handled in virile fashion.

The "Times"

Louisville, Kentucky, May 30, 1913

("Scorpio," by J. A. Chaloner, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.: The Palmetto Press.)

Mr. Chaloner has used the sonnet to flay some personal enemies and a few public evils, which he does in a very successful way. In fact he gives them some whips, scorpions and knock-out blows with a vengeance. The volume was brought out in 1907, but on the account of some personal difficulties with many enemies, he was not able to get it before the public until the late date.

The "News-Scimitar"

Memphis, Tennessee, May 7, 1913

John Armstrong Chaloner has published another book containing several acrid essays and forty-seven sequential sonnets, in which he deftly removes the epidermis of all those whom he imagines have ever done him a wrong. Many of the lines are really clever, and in reading them one cannot escape the conclusion that no matter how bitter he may be he has been given ample reason for it.

The "News"

Savannah, Georgia, May 26, 1913

("Scorpio." By John Armstrong Chaloner, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.: Palmetto Press. Cloth; price, \$1.50, postpaid.)

A collection of sonnets. Mr. Chaloner's personal history would make his sonnets interesting if they were not so in themselves. Those who know the history should find the sonnets and the notes upon them exceedingly entertaining.

The "Telegram"

Portland, Oregon, May 10, 1913

("Scorpio." By J. A. Chaloner. Price, \$1.50 net. Published by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.)

This is number one of a quarterly publication of sonnets in the Shakespearean form, "ending in a rhyming climax—a rhythmic knock-

out blow." This form of sonnet appeals to the author as "a medium for flaying fools and rogues." The author in a most diverting prologue says: "As there are over a million dollars in cold cash behind the author, in the shape of property in his name, and as he has no intention of practicing law nor devoting himself strictly to business, it should be evident to the shortest-sighted reader that 'Scorpio' has come to stay." The sonnets are vigorous, not to say violent, and their topics range. An appendix contains references to the alleged rail-roading of the author to Bloomingdale Asylum, and a bitter allusion to the hatred of kin quoted from Tacitus indicates his point of view. Perhaps the volume is intended as an answer to the justly celebrated question, "Who's looney now?"

The "Oregonian"

Portland, Oregon, May 18, 1913

("Scorpio," by J. A. Chaloner, \$1.50, Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.)

Mr. Chaloner is the hero of an escape from Bloomingdale Asylum, New York, and one of the most sensational of writers and poets. He is rich in money matters, is his own "boss," and was a friend of the notorious Stanford White, who was killed by Harry Thaw. The sonnets extend to 93 pages, are written in near-vitriol, and land sledge-hammer blows at enemies and others.

The "San Francisco Chronicle"

San Francisco, California, May 18, 1913

"SCORPIO."

(Roanoke Rapids, N. C.; Palmetto Press; price, \$1.50.)

"Scorpio" is a very apt title for the collection of forty-seven sonnets issued by John Armstrong Chaloner. Most of the poems are more fully explained in a very lengthy appendix setting forth the facts which justify the author in using language generally reserved for occasions when no one happens to be listening. Chaloner observes that he is treading humbly after his four masters—Juvenal, Voltaire,

Swift and Byron. "We aim—however lowly—at the strength of Juvenal, the keenness of Voltaire, the fierceness of Swift, and the form of Byron." That he attains much of his aim cannot be denied, since, if short on the strength of Juvenal and the form of Byron, he is long on the fierceness of Swift. He admires Swinburne, Shakespeare and John L. Sullivan, but is death on Dr. Osler and Bernard Shaw. The book must be read to be appreciated.

The "State"

Columbia, South Carolina, May 10, 1913

We have received a book of poems from Colonel John Armstrong Chaloner, and from one of his lyric gems we quote the following stanza:

"All hail, ye doughty wielders o' the pen,
Ye bold swashbucklers o' the daily press;
I hold ye high among the sons of men,
I honor the talent that ye all possess."

We care not what those silly New York courts hold. Colonel Chaloner is as sane as he ever was.

The "Journal"

Lincoln, Nebraska, May 7, 1913

John Armstrong Chaloner, of Roanoke Rapids, N. C., is a new one on us. He seeks favor as a satirist, and does so in a book of sonnets about the size of an academic dictionary, which the Palmetto Press offers to a waiting world at \$1.50 per copy, postpaid. In a somewhat copious appendix we gather the fact, or intimation, that the poet has suffered in his day, and is not feeling as well satisfied now as one should who admits he is financially on easy street, if not mentally so. Without using any name, he implies that due to a conspiracy, carefully planned and skilfully executed, he was lured from his old Virginia home and landed in a New York bughouse from which he made a get-away after four years of unmerited confinement. The full particulars will appear in another book—but that is another matter. No wonder John bumps the bunch in his salutatory after this fashion:

"The nameless folly of the human race,
Its cruel selfishness and trackless guile,
Make me ashamed at sight of human face—
That stamping ground for treachery and wile.
The smirking smile of callow, empty youth,
The ripe pomposity of hoary age,
The shaded gleam of manhood's lustful tooth,
Each plays its part upon its petty stage.
Seduction, lying, thieving, each in turn—
A murder here and there and then a rape—
Each needing only that temptation burn
And hold fair chance of ultimate escape.
Exceptions to said rule exist, 'tis true;
No such exception doth exist in you."

The "Evening World"

New York City, April 28, 1913

Poet Chaloner's New Verses Hold Some "Hot Stuff!"

"BARD OF BLOOMINGDALE" TAKES HOT RAP AT ROCKE-
FELLER AND OTHERS.

HE CALLS IT "SCORPIO."

LAUDS JOHN L. SULLIVAN AND TAKES CAUSTIC FLING AT "DIAMOND
HORSESHOE."

John Armstrong Chaloner, once the poet laureate of Bloomingdale, but in later years content to be only the Roaring Rhapsodist of Roanoke Rapids, N. C., has pushed George Bernard Shaw under the pile driver and tripped Rudyard Kipling onto the skids. Undisputed champion of "the rhyming knock-out." Mr. Chaloner has just sent broadcast from his comfortable retreat in the Old Dominion his trenchant volume of cubist verses bearing the significant title "Scorpio."

Mr. Chaloner will be remembered in New York as the author of that neat little brochure "Who's Looney Now?" dedicated to the at-that-time-husband of Mlle. Lina Cavalieri, and of the more recent work on exploration entitled "Hell." This latest message from Roanoke was published in England in 1908, but because of several pending suits in American courts which might be, according to the poet's own admissions, affected disadvantageously by the appearance of his verses, America has had to wait in patience until the present moment.

AUTHOR TAKES A HOT RAP AT MR. ROCKEFELLER.

It may readily be seen from a perusal of the "Prologue" to the Chaloner sheaf of sonnets, that the Roaring Rhapsodist of Roanoke Rapids, N. C., possesses nothing but charity for all mankind, and that he maintains a dairy for the milk of human kindness on his estate. For, touching upon the inspiration for his songs, Mr. Chaloner refers thus to a well known philanthropist:

"We shall take pleasure in pointing out how that bald-headed old rogue, Rockefeller, is attempting two impossible things, to wit: First to throw dust in the eyes of the public by prodigious gifts to education, with the veiled hope of educating the rising generation to his nefarious way of thinking; and the flaring, flaunting, brazen-faced hope of buying the public's forgiveness."

Since there is a million dollars cold cash behind the author, and he is publishing "Scorpio" at his own expense—take it from his own assurance in the prologue—this book of verse* is "a medium for flaying fools that in concentration, swiftness of action and completeness of results beats any other known form of satirical flagellation."

HE PHILOSOPHIZES ON THE "DIAMOND HORSESHOE."

The sweet singer, who once made the mournful halls of Bloomingdale to resound with his gladsome lilt—that was before he went away from Bloomingdale without leaving his P. P. C. card—says right at the beginning of his foreword that there have only been four other "masters" who possessed the metrical punch and rhyming knock-out that are his: Juvenal, Voltaire, Swift and Byron.

Now to this list add the name of John Armstrong Chalonier, a member of this club, who will meet all comers at the fourteen-line sonnet, Shakespeare rules and no hitting eleventh syllable of the sonnet line.

Here's a gentle bit of kindly observation and unctuous philosophy drawn from observation at the Metropolitan Opera House in season.

THE DEVIL'S HORSE-SHOE.

A fecund sight for a Philosopher—

Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—
That gem-bedizzen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera

Replete with costly hags and matrons fair!

His votaresses doth Mammon there array

His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

To Mammon there do they their homage pay,

Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace.

Crones whose old bosoms within their corsets creak;

Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse.

Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—

Their escorts parvenus of features coarse.

A rich array of Luxury and Vice!

But spite of them, the music's very nice.

*This should read "the Shakspearean form of sonnet."

JOHN L. SULLIVAN GETS A BIG BOOST.

That the former brother-in-law of Lina Cavalieri is no meek and milky molly-coddle is graphically demonstrated by his sonnet in honor of the nuptials of John L. Sullivan, a well-known sporting figure. Under the title, "The Apotheosis or the Dead Game Sport's Lament," the roaring Roanoker trills this diapason lay:

O! for a day of Lawrence Sullivan!
Just one day of just one hour—nothing more.
"Jeff," "Fitz," Ruhlin, Sharkey at four rounds per man,
In succession sev'rally would bite the floor!
Each into sweet oblivion then would float!
Propell'd by John's strong arm which ne'er did tire.
Each in John L. would then his master note—
John L. the paragon of "P. R.'s" empire!
For twelve years he fought as man ne'er fought before;
As John L. fought, ne'er will man fight again;
For with him the love of battle counted more
Than what rules nowadays—the love of gain.
John L.! Th' Imperial Roman, now I sing!
Great John L. Sullivan, the Prize-Ring King!

*The "Evening Journal"**New York City, April 28, 1913*

Chaloner Flays N. Y. Society in Book of Verses

John Armstrong Chaloner, author of the famous quip, "Who's looney now?" and a number of other snappy productions, has written a book that will interest New Yorkers because it gets its action from the gilded circle, whence Chaloner was sent to Bloomingdale. "Scorpio," a book of sonnets that are modeled after the work of the late William Shakespeare, is his latest offering.

Of course, Shakespeare has no kick coming, because everybody knows that he rewrote Richard III from More's history, and the documents of a cardinal, and always went to the "morgue" (newspaper term for reference department) when he wanted the features of a new play.

But that is neither here nor there. It is the "Scorpio" that stings, and back at Merry Mills, Cobham, Va., Chaloner is enjoying the swishing of the tail of his literary animal. After Chaloner got out of Bloomingdale half a dozen years ago, he went to Philadelphia, where he had the officials of a sanitarium observe him for six months. Then he took their word that he was sane, and went to Virginia to live.

In his new work he pays particular attention to the smart set at the Metropolitan Opera House under the title "The Devil's Horseshoe," which is intended but dimly to becloud the golden horseshoe. Thus he sings:

A fecund sight for the philosopher—

Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—

That gem bedizn'd "horseshoe" at th' Opera.

Replete with costly hags and matrons fair!

His votareesses doth Mammon there array,

His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

To Mammon there do they their homage pay;

Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace.

Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;

Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse:

Ghouls—when they speak, one hears the grave mole squeak—

Their escorts parvenus of feature coarse.

A rich array of Luxury and Vice!

But spite of them, the music's very nice.

Mr. Chaloner uses the editorial form of expression in his book and "we" lambast the everlasting lights out of everything in sight. In his prologue he says:

"We are guided by the same every-day principles of the educated man in the street, who has happened to run across a medium for flaying fools and rogues that, in concentration, swiftness of action, and completeness of result, beats any other form of satirical flagellation. We allude, of course, to the Shakespearean form of sonnet, ending, as it does, in a rhyming climax—a rhythmic knock-out blow."

Chaloner does say some pleasant things. Take for example the sonnet he calls *Journalists*.

All hail ye doughty wielders o' The Pen!
 Ye bold swashbucklers o' the daily press.
 I hold ye high amongst the sons of men.
 I honor the talent that ye all possess.
 For talent ye must have or ye'd starve to death.
 On newspapers the fittest sole survives.
 That race is to the swift—the deep of breath.
 The strength o' your good sword-arms saves your lives.
 The press today's the arena of the world.
 There, fame and gold—in time—reward each sword.
 Which, when the daily dust of combat's curl'd,
 Can unerring strike upon the gleaming word!
 Once more all hail! And all prosperity.
 All in the day's work once you "roasted" me.

Chaloner promises to strike frequently at the prominent figures in New York society, and says that his book is but the first edition of a regular venture.

The "Morning Telegraph"

New York City, May 5, 1913

John Armstrong Chaloner, in his ode to John L. Sullivan, writes:

O! for a day of Lawrence Sullivan!
 Just one day of just one hour—nothing more.
 Jeff, Fitz, Ruhlin, Sharkey at four rounds per man,
 In succession sev'rally would bite the floor!
 Each into sweet oblivion then would float,
 Propell'd by John's strong arm, which ne'er did tire.

Each in John L. would then his master note—
John L., the paragon of "P. R.'s" empire!
For twelve years he fought as man ne'er fought before;
As John L. fought ne'er will man fight again;
For with him the love of battle counted more
Than what rules nowadays—the love of gain.
John L.! Th' Imperial Roman, now I sing!
Great John L. Sullivan, the Prize-Ring King!

It's now up to some local poet to counter with a hymn to Abe Attell.

*The "American"**New York City, April 29, 1913*

J. A. Chaloner of 'Who's Looney?' Fame Drops Into Poetry

HIS MUSE STIRRED INTO LIVELY GALLOP BY THOUGHTS OF JOHN L.
SULLIVAN.

John Armstrong Chaloner, author of the famous "Who's Looney Now?" which he dedicated to his brother, then husband of Lina Cavalieri, has produced a volume of verse under the title "Scorpio."

A bitter arraignment of Rockefeller is followed by the following eulogy of John L. Sullivan, under title of "The Apotheosis or a Dead Game Sport's Lament."

Oh! for a day of Lawrence Sullivan!

Just one day of just one hour—nothing more.

"Jeff," "Fitz," Ruhlin, Sharkey at four rounds per man,

In succession sev'rally would bite the floor!

Each into sweet oblivion then would float,

Propell'd by John's strong arm which ne'er did tire.

Each in John L. would then his master note—

John L., the paragon of "P. R.'s" empire!

For twelve years he fought as man never fought before;

As John L. fought, ne'er will man fight again;

For with him the love of battle counted more

Than what rules now-a-days—the love of gain.

John L.! Th' Imperial Roman, now I sing!

Great John L. Sullivan, the Prize-Ring King!

*The "Washington Times"**Washington, District of Columbia, May 31, 1913*

HERE'S A BOOK.

("Scorpio," by John Armstrong Chaloner, published by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.)

Any one wishing information of any kind upon John Armstrong Chaloner, whether it be on his lineage, or concerned with his most sensational newspaper career, or in relation to his ability as an author, all is to be found between the covers of the little book of sonnets called "Scorpio." These sonnets constitute the main body of the book, while an explanatory prologue and a generous appendix give such information upon the author and his works as the reader is not able to glean from the sonnets.

The prologue is really a word to critics, special attention being given to a definition of the press, and to the purpose and reasons of the author for writing the sonnets.

The appendix, of forty-nine pages, contains reprints from newspapers in which the actions of the author have been sensationalized, explanations of the sonnets in detail, and divers other bits of interest concerning the life, ancestors and publications of John Armstrong Chaloner.

Of the poems and their style the author has said: "We aim . . . at the strength of Juvenal, the keenness of Voltaire, the fierceness of Swift and the form of Byron." Like many others, an intense personal grudge against the world in general, prevents other than a partial success for the author. Some of the lighter sonnets, on "Butterflies" and "Midsummer" for instance, attain a much higher order than those on drastic subjects. A consistent over use of the apostrophe is unnecessary and annoying.

"The Academy," London, England, says: " . . . his book is well worth possessing."

It is.

*The "World"**New York City, May 24, 1913*

Chaloner, to War on Lunacy Laws, Wants More Cash

RICH FUGITIVE FROM ASYLUM WILL ASK COURT FOR
\$15,000 INCOME INCREASE SO HE CAN
SPREAD HIS BOOKS.

HE'D ALSO SPEAK IN HIS OWN MASS MEETING.

CONTEMPLATES MAGAZINE IN WHICH TO AIR IDEAS—RAPs HIS BROTHERS,
THE CHANLERS.

John Armstrong Chaloner, who is legally insane in New York and legally sane in Virginia, will break into the courts once more when his attorney, Frederick A. Ware, of No. 43 Cedar Street, files today in the Supreme Court a petition asking that Chaloner's income be increased from \$17,000 to \$32,000 annually.

Chaloner has been fighting for one thing or another ever since he escaped from the Bloomingdale Asylum in 1900 and fled to his beautiful Virginia estate, Merry Mills, at Cobham.

After setting forth that he is unquestionably "the authority upon lunacy legislation throughout the world," and attaching to the papers his book "Lunacy Law of the World," along with a large number of press clippings lauding the book, the petitioner states he is a great grandson of the first John Jacob Astor, and gives a voluminous account of his troubles.

ACCUSES TWO OF HIS BROTHERS.

He declares he was spirited to Bloomingdale by the late Stanford White, and alleges his brothers, Winthrop Astor Chanler and Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, were parties to the plan. Chaloner is particularly incensed because at Bloomingdale he was forced to pay \$100 a week for "a two-room cell with bath attached" and \$30 a month for an Irish keeper.

Apparently with the idea of impressing the court that he should be adjudged sane in New York as well as in Virginia, the petitioner quotes innumerable authorities on insanity and a multitude of court decisions on his own and other cases. Once he compares his case to that of Christ,* but notes that Christ had a chance to defend himself, whereas he, Chaloner, was prevented from doing so by our insanity laws.

NAMES BOOKS HE HAS WRITTEN.

Getting down to the real reason why he must have an increased allowance, Chaloner says he is the author of several books which would have a wide circulation provided he could properly advertise them. One of these is his brief in the case of Chaloner against Thomas T. Sherman, a committee of his person and estate, and another "Four Years Behind the Bars of Bloomingdale." Then there is "a book of sonnets, mostly satires," which came from the press in 1908. "Hell" and "Scopio" were later efforts.

"Said books did not have, and could not have, any sale," the petition cites, "for the reason that your petitioner was the only one who could advertise them, and this he did not have money to do. This learned court knows that unless one can bring his wares to the notice of buyers, buyers will not notice said wares. Therefore, without advertising there is no possible sale for any publication whatever."

"ROBBED OF SIXTEEN YEARS OF LIFE."

Having been robbed of sixteen years of his life by the "villainous actions of his family," Chaloner holds he is entitled to those mental, intellectual and physical comforts he has failed to gain, though he has battled hard enough to acquire them. The mental and physical comforts desired he names as the financial means to sell the books already published, and cash with which to bring forth a second edition of his work on lunacy. The entire first edition, he sets forth, was absorbed by leading libraries of the country or distributed among leading lawyers of the author's acquaintance.

"Your petitioner," he says, "formed a solemn vow while in Bloomingdale that he would devote every year of his life—upon his escape therefrom—and every dollar of his income to the purging of the foul ways of lunacy legislation in, sad to tell, about 40 per cent. of the States of this great nation." No better way to accomplish this end occurs to him than to advertise his book on lunacy. This having been accomplished and he having defeated Mr. Sherman in a case pending

*Legal aspects only.

in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, he purposes to travel about the country addressing legislative committees.

Concerning "Four Years Behind the Bars," which he wishes to spread broadcast for the good it will do, he says:

"Nothing can prove more clearly to the lay mind the dangers to liberty, property, health and happiness lurking in the shadows of illegal lunacy laws than this counterpart of Charles Reade's epochal novel, 'Very Hard Cash,' which revolutionized the treatment of lunatics inside the insane asylums of Great Britain and purged them of brutality.

"In this connection your petitioner would greatly like to cultivate his newly discovered talent of shooting folly as it flies, in correctly built sonnets. The times are not such as to be devoid of marks for the satirist's darts, and your petitioner respectfully prays the court to furnish him with funds, from his own accumulated income, to push forward the said enterprise."

Chaloner says that as soon as he wins his case against Mr. Sherman he will finance mass meetings and publish a fortnightly magazine in which he will denounce the rich young men of Richmond who mistreat small girls. He knows he can hold an audience, for since the first of last September he has addressed meetings in Thompson Hall and the Rex Theatre in Richmond. These assemblages he has called "The Richmond Mass Meeting Club." The club, he thinks, should be made permanent with money behind it that "public abuses and public rascals could be flayed fearlessly and frequently and the flayings be duly spread on printed records to be disseminated at a nominal price, or even given free, among the plain voters of the community."

OTHER CITIES WOULD ADOPT IDEA.

It occurs to Chaloner, so he states in the petition, that the mass meeting club would go a good way toward supplementing the work of the police, the detectives and the public prosecutor. This idea, he is confident, would spread to other cities and would be a huge success.

In summing up, Chaloner maintains that even were he not to advertise his books, his present allowance is inadequate for him to live in a manner to which birth, education and fortune have made him accustomed. He states he has two establishments to keep up—a town house in Richmond, where he spends half of his time, and Merry Mills, where he spends the other half. He has found that the labor of supervising his case against Mr. Sherman and looking after seven libel suits he has brought against newspapers in three cities "has dragged him down so that his health demands frequent changes of scene and absence from law books." Furthermore, he has had an affection of the spine since he was confined in Bloomingdale.

CONSIDERS HIS DEMAND MODEST.

If he is granted the increased allowance, Chaloner will, he says, spend one-half the first year on himself and pay off his debts with the other half. As there is a surplus of income amounting to \$17,000, he declares the matter can be easily arranged. He considers his demands modest in view of the fact that from the time of his majority until his troubles began he had an income of \$24,000 a year.

Chaloner's share in his father's estate was originally given as \$1,500,000. He tells the court his property comprises real estate stocks, promissory notes, mortgages, claims and a paid-up life insurance policy. This was derived from his father, his grandmother, Elizabeth Stuyvesant Chanler, and his grandaunt, Laura Astor Delano. The twenty-seven pieces of realty include No. 298 Broadway, which is subject to a mortgage; a villa site of 365 acres in Rhinebeck and a small farm in Dutchess County. There are also the 400-acre farm at Cobham and a 300-acre farm at Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

AMELIE RIVES DIVORCED HIM.

In 1888 Chaloner married Amelie Rives. They separated in seven years and in 1895 Mrs. Chaloner was given a divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temperament. A year later she married Prince Troubetzkoy, a painter and member of an old Russian family.

*The "American"**New York City, May 24, 1913*

Chaloner Asks Funds to Advertise Books

FORMER JOHN ARMSTRONG CHANLER WANTS INCOME INCREASED TO
\$32,000.

John Armstrong Chaloner, through his attorney, will file in the Supreme Court today an application asking that his income be increased from \$17,000 to \$32,000. Chaloner is legally insane in New York State and sane in Virginia. Since his escape years ago from Bloomingdale Asylum he changed his name from Chanler to Chaloner.

In his application he states that he needs the money to advertise the books he has written, and that is the only way they can be brought before the public. The books include his views on lunacy and lunacy laws and a book of poems.

*The "Times"**Jacksonville, Florida, May 27, 1913*

Another crusade is proclaimed in a country full of Holy Wars: John Armstrong Chaloner will make war on our lunacy laws!

*The "Telegraph"**New York City, May 25, 1913*

Mr. John Armstrong Chaloner requests that his income be increased from \$17,000 to \$32,000 a year. This ought to enable him to double his publicity expenditures.

The "Sun"

Baltimore, Maryland, June 2, 1913

Chaloner Needs Money

WILL ASK THAT HIS \$16,000 YEARLY INCOME BE DOUBLED.

TO IMPROVE INSANITY LAWS.

AUTHOR OF "WHO'S LOONEY NOW?" WANTS TO REPUBLISH HIS POEMS—
BACKS GIRLS' CLUB.

NEW YORK, June 1.—John Armstrong Chaloner, author of "Who's Looney Now?", will appear by counsel tomorrow in the special term of the Supreme Court and move to have his annual income of \$16,000 doubled.

Frederick A. Ware, a former Assemblyman, is acting as Chaloner's attorney, and will make the motion on the ground that his client's estate is increasing every year, and now earns a yearly income of \$112,000.

Ware yesterday told why Chaloner wishes the increase, and incidentally gave an interesting account of Chaloner's life in Virginia, where he is practically an exile, as he has been adjudged insane in the New York courts.

Ware will tell the court that Chaloner wants the larger allowance to pay the heirs of his former attorneys, who have since died, and to use for the purpose of obtaining better legislation regarding insanity. Ware also said Chaloner had founded the Mass Meeting Club in Richmond, which is devoting itself to aiding young girls. Chaloner, the lawyer said, would like more money to spend in this work.

Chaloner also wants \$1,000 to publish another edition of his book of poems.

It was learned yesterday Chaloner has a strong aversion to Tammany Hall. It is because of this aversion, it was said, Chaloner refused to continue his fight for freedom in the New York courts.

"Even though Chaloner should obtain his liberty in this State," said Ware yesterday, "I feel quite positive he would not live here. He is perfectly happy in Virginia. Everybody down there loves and

respects him. In fact, everyone hopes he will not succeed in having the committee appointed to care for his person and estate withdrawn, for fear he will leave Virginia.

"Chaloner divides his time between his estate, Merry Mills, the Westmoreland Club and Richmond. Since he organized the Mass Meeting Club he has spent about half of his time in Richmond. Any move by Chaloner to obtain his freedom in this State will be bitterly contested.

"If he should marry in Virginia, and there is nothing there which can prevent him, and should have any children, under the terms of his mother's will his share of the estate will revert to his issue. As he has not been able to spend the income from his part of the Chanler millions, his share has grown. If he dies without children the money will be divided among his relatives.

"As a matter of fact, Chaloner is no more peculiar than any man who is artistic or a genius, and he is both. He is very generous. Although he has been divorced from Amelie Rives for years, and she has since married, he allows her an annual income of \$3,600."

Thomas T. Sherman, of the law firm of Evarts, Choate & Sherman, is the committee appointed to care for the person and estate of Chaloner. Joseph Choate, Jr., of that firm, probably will oppose Chaloner's motion for an increase of income.

The "Inquirer"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, May 6, 1913

Sonnet 16, page 16.

"THE WATCH-TOWERS OF LIBERTY." *

We understand that John Armstrong Chaloner has published a book of poems, which leads us to suspect that that New York commission in lunacy was not so far wrong after all.

The "Inquirer"

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, May 13, 1913

Right on top of the statement of that alienist that nine-tenths of the poets are crazy, John Armstrong Chaloner had to come out with the announcement that he has written a whole book of "pomes."

*The "Post-Standard"**Syracuse, New York, May 3, 1913*

Sonnet 17, page 17.

"THE SYRACUSE 'POST-STANDARD' OIL." *

"Scorpio," by J. A. Chaloner, sonnets of a North Carolina poet, who has the distinction of being legally a lunatic in the State of New York, and some of whose poems should be treated editorially in the *New York Sun*. Roanoke Rapids, Palmetto Press, \$1.50.

Sonnet 21, page 21.

"SHAW ONCE MORE." *

The phrase here—"against him fence"—needs explanation. It is common among Southern farmers to use the expression to "fence against" where "building a fence about" or "keeping a fence in repair" is meant. The phrase is used particularly with regard to stallions, bulls, rams and boars; which animals are sometimes given to a desire to "wander from their own fireside," in search of "fresh fields and pastures new," sprinkled with females of their species. Hence the farmers "fence against them." A stallion, bull, ram, or boar, which is particularly hard to confine—which either jumps his fences, batters them down, bores his way through them, or squeezes through interstices therein—is looked upon with a malignant eye by the husbandman—he is such a bore, such a nuisance—and his price is often affected thereby—people being non-desirous of purchasing so fruitful a source of care and constant anxiety, as what they universally speak of as a "roguish" stallion, a "roguish" bull, a "roguish" boar, or a "roguish" ram. They say with an eye of death "that boar's roguish—you've got to fence against him." That settles the boar so far as any purchaser but a butcher is concerned.

Sonnet 23, page 23.

"THE SHAVING OF SHAG PAT." *

We hazard the following word touching the concluding couplet of this sonnet—

"*Razé*" means shaved in the sense of being "skinned."

"*Zingeur*" means a man whose cheek is made of zinc.

Bien planté means "stuck."

*The "Illustrated London News"**London, England, June 15, 1912*

Sonnet 24, page 24.

"A PRINCE OF LIARS." *

(Sir Sidney Lee on King Edward.)

"In current criticism of the new volume of the 'Dictionary of National Biography' (Smith, Elder & Company), which is Volume I of the Second Supplement, attention has been fixed almost exclusively on the memoir of Edward VII by the editor, Sir Sidney Lee. The volume contains in all five hundred articles on noteworthy persons who died between January 22, 1901, and December 31, 1911, including Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Walter Besant, Lord Acton, John Davidson, Governor Eyre and Sir Redvers Buller. The article on King Edward, however, overshadows the rest in length, interest and importance, and, although at first sight received with general approval, it has, on fuller consideration, aroused very strong criticism in several quarters. The phenomenon of such a memoir by a writer of Sir Sidney Lee's reputation being denounced as showing 'a deplorable want of judgment and tact' and its publication at the present time as 'an irreparable blunder' is one calculated to shake the foundations of literary faith. There is no doubt that Sir Sidney Lee's memoir does modify very considerably the popular conception of King Edward, formed through the medium of the press in recent years, as the moving spirit of the *Entente Cordiale*, and as the general Peacemaker of Europe, deliberately using his personal influence for political purposes. There is apparent in the memoir a certain disdain for the press. Sir Sidney speaks disparagingly of 'some French journalists' who hailed King Edward as *le roi pacificateur* and the originator of the *Entente*, and he asserts that 'no direct responsibility for its initiation or conclusion belonged to him.' Sir Sidney argues that the King exercised his personal charm from purely social motives, from a general desire to promote good fellowship, and not with any deliberate political intent. This is where the critics disagree. Moreover, Sir Sidney's own account of King Edward's visit to Paris in 1903, although apparently intended to discount the King's responsibility for the *Entente*, really confirms it, making clear that it was just the personal touch, the kingly charm, which brought about what diplomatic overtures had failed to achieve, and kindled that popular enthusiasm (fanned by the press) which official communications had left cold.

"He came" (writes Sir Sidney Lee) "at an opportune moment. The French Foreign Minister, M. Delcassé, had for some time been seeking a diplomatic understanding with England, which should remove the numerous points of friction between the two countries in Egypt, Morocco and elsewhere. The King's Ministers were responsive, and his visit to Paris, although it was paid independently of the diplomatic issue, was well calculated to conciliate French public opinion, which was slow in shedding its pro-Boer venom. On the King's arrival the temper of the Parisian populace looked doubtful (May 1), but the King's demeanor had the best effect, and in his reply to an address from the British Chamber of Commerce, on his first morning in Paris, he spoke so aptly of the importance of developing good relations between the two countries that there was an immediate renewal of the traditional friendliness which had linked him to the Parisians for nearly half a century.

"Could there be a fuller admission than the above of the invaluable services rendered by King Edward to the cause of international good-will, or a more complete refutation of the statement that 'no direct responsibility for its initiation or conclusion belonged to him'?"

*The "Evening World"**New York City, May 3, 1913*

Sonnet 32, page 32.

"THE TURKEY TROT." *

Who's Looney in New York Now?

JOHN ARMSTRONG CHALONER LASHES CITY—ITS RICH,
ROTTEN—ITS DANCES, DEBAUCHES.

WRITING SPECIALLY FOR "THE SATURDAY EVENING WORLD," HE SAYS
NEW YORK IS UNREAL IN EVERYTHING—FRIENDSHIP A GOLD
BRICK, PLEASURE A FEVER AND AGUE, MANNERS
INEXPRESSIBLY VULGAR.

John Armstrong Chaloner, brother of ex-Sheriff Bob Chanler of Dutchess County, lawyer, traveller and keen critic of men and affairs, holds the unique distinction of being a man legally insane in New York and legally sane in Virginia, his present place of residence. This is a distinction of which Chaloner is decidedly proud.

He was once confined in Bloomingdale—sent there as the result of a conspiracy on the part of his enemies, Chaloner always maintained—but he escaped from the madhouse and finds himself secure in Virginia because it is impossible to extradite an escaped lunatic. He changed his name to Chaloner, the ancient form of the patronymic, after he got away from the asylum.

A strange book on "Hell" and a collection of poems under the title "Scorpio," recently published, represent Chaloner's literary efforts.

(By John Armstrong Chaloner.)

THE MERRY MILLS, COBHAM, VA., May 1.—Since the *Evening World* desires to know my views upon some of the unrealities of New York life, in view of its notice of my book of sonnets, many of them satirical, "scorpion" perhaps, I had as well preface my remarks by stating my credentials for passing judgment upon New York.

I was born there fifty-one years ago come the tenth of October, 1913, in shadow of the old Astor Library literally, in Lafayette Place.

I was educated in New York City by the Astor family tutor, the late William H. Wilson, graduate of Columbia University, who had tutored my mother, and some years after tutoring me tutored the late Colonel John Jacob Astor, and ended his days as an attache of the Astor Library. After four years at St. John's Military Academy at Ossining-on-Hudson and two years at Rugby School in England thereafter, I spent three years at Columbia University, taking my A. B. degree in that time and my A. M. the next year, and being admitted to the New York bar at the end of my fifth year of steady sojourn in the city with "the Great White Way."

The blocks on Fifth Avenue from about St. Patrick's Cathedral north were covered with rocks and goats and squatters' shacks. I sailed small boats made of emptied boxes of fig paste or other confections while going my peripatetic rounds with my learned tutor in the puddles in the vast vacant waste from Fifth Avenue to well east of Madison and as far north as you like. So New Yorkers see that I am qualified to speak, having grown up with the big town. Coming now to the unrealities of New York life:

The only loss I am at over said proposition is to find a few realities in New York life, for without deep racking of brain and memory not a solitary pleasant reality comes to mind touching it.

The solid reality about New York life is the lust for lucre. About the reality of said lust there can be no possible doubt whatever. I forgot there is one other solid reality about New York life, and that is the solidity of the nightsticks borne by the finest uniformed ruffians in the entire length and breadth of the civilized world. I allude, of course, to the falsely alleged "Finest." I nearly had my kneecap fractured by a nightstick in the hands of "Clubber" Williams, as the deposed ex-Tenderloin Police Captain Alexander S. Williams was affectionately dubbed by the men he'd clubbed.

Now to come to the unrealities of New York life.

Friendship is as unreal there as the average gold brick of commerce. I never injured a human being in New York. Belonged to more first-class clubs than any man in my set before I resigned from all my New York clubs in disgust, and yet today I don't count one solitary man my friend in that whole swarming hive of humanity, Gotham. I had friends, but they were old men, and are all dead men of a previous generation.

Men of this generation in New York don't know even what the word friendship means. What I say applies only to the rich and professional and bourgeois or shopkeeper class.

Among the laboring men and longshoremen, truck drivers and the like, friendship is as real as it was in the days of Damon and Pythias.

But the rich man is rotten.

Another unreality of New York is pleasure. Pleasure in New York is nothing more nor less than fever, fever and ague thrown in. Fever in the mad sweat to enjoy, ague in the cold sweat that follows the failure to attain enjoyment—the cold sweat of disgust, satiety, if not remorse, and a “Head.”

Manners are another unreality of New York life, so unreal as to be phantom-like to be non-existent. Read the authentic descriptions in the press of the debauches that most dinner dances nowadays become, not through the fault of the hostess but owing to the rotten manners of the vulgar nouveau rich who make up so much of modern New York society.

Please remember that I am blood relative to the only Ward McAllister, creator of the Four Hundred, and I know.

Young blackguards scratching matches upon white and gold ball-room walls, burning tapestries with cigarette butts, flirting with the ladies’ maids in the dressing rooms, and finally falling asleep dead drunk under the tables.

Above is not a portrait of a debauch in the time of Nero, but of one in New York’s Four Hundred in the time of John D. Rockefeller.

(Copyright, 1913, by John Armstrong Chalonier.)

SOME SONNETS BY MR. CHALONER.

(From “Scorpio.” Copyright by J. A. Chalonier.)

THE DEVIL’S HORSESHOE.

A fecund sight for a philosopher—

Rich as Golconda’s mine in lessons rare—

That gem-bedizzen’d “horseshoe” at th’ opera

Replete with costly hags and matrons fair!

His votaresses doth Mammon there array

His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

To Mammon there do they their homage pay,

Spangled with jewels, satins, silks and lace.

Crones whose old bosoms within their corsets creak;

Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse.

Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—

Their escorts parvenus of features coarse.

A rich array of Luxury and Vice!

But spite of them, the music’s very nice.

COLUMBIA.

"My Country 'Tis of Thee" I do not sing.
Your're in too sad a plight, believe me, dear,
For plaudits to have aught but a false ring;
The shallow clang of counterfeit to th' ear.
The courage of your soldiers all men know;
Their daring and their patience all have seen.
Your sailors' markmanship full well doth show
How accurate their discipline hath been.
But Justice in thy land hath gone astray;
Believe me, dear, she wanders from the path,
And like a drunken harlot reels her way
Along the broad road that meets—the People's wrath!
That your Legislatures and your courts you purge,
"Sweet land"—my land—"of Liberty" I urge.

A SATIRIST'S SALUTATORY.

The nameless folly of the human race,
Its cruel selfishness and trackless guile,
Make me ashamed at sight of human face—
That stamping-ground for treachery and wile.
The smirking smile of callow, empty youth,
The ripe pomposity of hoary age,
The shaded gleam of manhood's lusty tooth,
Each plays its part upon its petty stage.
Seduction, lying, thieving, each in turn—
A murder here and there and then a rape—
Each needing only that temptation burn
And hold fair chance of ultimate escape.
Exceptions to said rule exist, 'tis true,
No such exception doth exist in you.

OPPRESSION.

Oppression was the rod that struck the rock
And loos'd the fiery floodgates of my tongue.
The click behind me o' the prison lock
Unlock'd the fetters that had kept it dumb.
The body free, then was the tongue enchain'd;
The body 'prison'd then the tongue sprung free.

Sonnet 38, page 38.

"MIDNIGHT." *

"Midnight" and its five accompanying sonnets were done in "Bloomington" in the years 1898, 1899 and 1900. They were among the first sonnets ever written by the author. The five accompanying sonnets, to wit: "A Call," "Wordsworth," "The Rubicon of the Unknown," "There Is a Tide" and "Le Noir Fainéant."

Sonnet 39, page 39.

"A CALL." *

The above sonnet was written when Trusts were in the zenith of their corruption and pride, when Rockefeller and his companion thieves in Standard Oil appeared to be beyond the reach of the courts in their law breaking; and before the enlightened action of President Roosevelt had awakened the "Valley of Dry Bones"—spoken of by the Prophet Ezekiel—the Sherman Act—into what resulted in the learned ruling of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Tobacco Trust and Standard Oil Trust cases; which proved that competition was to be forever free in this country, and *not*—as heretofore—contraband of war, *in the war between the rich and the poor.*

Sonnet 40, page 40.

"WORDSWORTH." *

This was the first sonnet ever written by the author.

Sonnet 43, page 43.

"LE NOIR FAINÉANT." *

This sonnet is highly symbolical.

Suffice it to say the author under the guise of Sir Walter Scott's splendid character—in that matchless romance "Ivanhoe"—"Le Noir Fainéant"—who was indifferent to fame but not to injustice—pictures himself at the head of a band of Free Lances—his sonnets—with which to attack wrong-doing in the "seats of the mighty" particularly.

Carrying the metaphor further, he pictures himself cutting his and his Free Lances' way thro' a horde of encircling hostiles of the

press. He speaks of his band as "trained men," because they *are* "trained" in the sense that they are sonnets, and therefore the very essence of literary "training."

The color of his war-horse is white—that being the color of what carries his sonnets—which is nothing more nor less than a snow white page of virgin paper.

As has been more than once observed the author is an ardent admirer of the great profession of Journalism. Shortly—a year, or, perhaps, two years—before writing said sonnet the author had been savagely maligned by a reporter for the *New York Press* in an article as mendacious as it was malignant, written by an ex-habitué of "Bloomingdale" who had been "doing time" in that institution for the crime of morphinism. Said reporter had been in the "Pen" of "Bloomingdale" for months before the author's arrival therein—so he understood—and remained there until October, 1897, when he was discharged.

Thereupon said ex-dope-fiend set to work to turn an honest penny by lying about the author in the following scandalous fashion. We quote from memory. A reference to the files of the *New York Press* of October 13, 1897, will show the accuracy thereof. The following is *not* verbatim, but is the gist of the headlines, to wit: "John Armstrong Chaloner in 'Bloomingdale.' A *hopeless* lunatic! His trouble is paresis." What follows is pretty close to verbatim: "The unfortunate man will soon be helpless as a babe." Then follows a lot of flub dub about the author's exciting marriage, ditto divorce, and winds up verbatim as follows: "And now from the cells of 'Bloomingdale' comes *another* startling chapter of the strange story."

It was the memory of the above scandalous screed that was in the author's head when he penned that portion of the said sonnet which trenches upon Journalism.

Sonnet 44, page 44.

THE ROSARY.*

(Extract from a letter to a distinguished Southern lawyer enclosing a copy of "The Rosary" a day or so after the latter was composed.)

In the midst of law's alarms in my tumultuous life of the past several years. I have had few spare moments for sonnet writing, or, in fact, desire thereto. There's a legal maxim you doubtless remember to this effect: "In the clash of arms laws are silent"—to paraphrase which I might say—*Midst the snarl of law the Muses sleep*. Hence I have not written ten sonnets in the past ten months. But on Easter

Monday I felt a longing to view more closely and frequently the radiant visage of the great Voltaire, whose bust by Houdon I imported—a cast, I mean of same, from the Louvre in Paris—in 1894, on my last visit to “the city of light.”

I thought how Voltaire would have excoriated the other side. Accordingly I had my cast of the reduced effigy of “*Le Penseur*” by Michel Angelo taken from my chimney-piece and placed in the billiard room below, and Voltaire brought up. I soon—very soon, apparently—became somewhat—at least—under the literary inspiration, so to speak—of Voltaire. His bust had not reposed upon the mantel-piece *twenty-four minutes* before I began to feel a desire to write sonnets, such as I had not felt for months and months. I promptly yielded to same, and by the watch—which I had at my side—I wrote the accompanying six sonnets between about ten minutes to 4 P. M. and 5.49 P. M.—3-24-13—averaging not more than fifteen to twenty minutes apiece to write, for I rested a few minutes between each, and blotting only *one* line, and erasing *never* more than about three words per sonnet. I mention this only to prove my hypothesis that the Voltairean influence was instantaneous, besides being pretty fairly sustained. Of course, I am far from being under the influence of Voltaire in religion. I believe firmly in all the Thirty-nine Articles.

To “return to our mutton,” and wind up. In said sonnets I have attempted a somewhat daring thing. So far as I know the challenge of Jehovah to Job—found in the last two chapters or so of that wonderful book—to wit: “Gird up thy loins like a man and answer me,” or words to said effect, for I quoted entirely from memory—not having a Bible on my floor—in both quotations I’ve made in the sonnets—the last in number six, found on or about the last line of the Bible, in the last chapter of the Book of Revelation, so far as I know no one has ever taken up said glove thrown down to mankind by Jehovah Jah, the Man of War—and replied to the putrid injustice and tyrannical wrong-doing with which the world is rife, and for which He is largely responsible—since He allegedly created the world and all that therein is, and could wipe out tyranny did He so desire. I furnish a sound argument—I’m not called upon to supply brains for its reception, as Doctor Samuel Johnson profoundly observed. To resume.

No poet nor prose-writer has ever seen the superb chance lurking therein for a *legitimate*, frank and fearless criticism, even heart-to-heart *talk* with *Omnipotence*. Since the Pearly Gates are opened, the Celestial and repelling Bars are for the *sole* and *only* occasion throughout the whole length and breadth of the Scriptures—*mark that*, please—the Celestial Bars are for once and once only and *forever*,

let down! This gives the hardy adventurer in the field of inexorable and fearless and impeccable Logic—The Guide of God—the chance of a life time to square accounts with God Almighty, if things have not been especially coming his way. This chance I took. Whether I made the most of the said golden opportunity or not is for you to judge. But—in my humble way—I made a serious and sustained effort to place before the Tribunal of the Great White Throne my cause for impatience at the delayed arrival of Jesus Christ upon earth; and the establishment of His promised rule of iron which alone can keep that crooked, cowardly animal man in anything approaching an attitude where his hands are *outside* his neighbor's pockets.

I am fully aware that the tone of the six sonnets would not meet with the enthusiastic approval of the "W. C. T. U." or the average Dorcas Sewing Society. Still, there is neither a profane or highly-colored word in all their broad length of eighty-four lines.

In conclusion, I've—disguisedly—put the plaint in the mouth of a devout but world-weary monk, who in his desert solitude of—say, En-gedi—finding his old time Rosary rather outworn, has made a new one of six big beads, each of which is a pigeon-blood ruby of a *cri du coeur* of a disgusted man who worships Ideality and thirsts for even the most meagre, threadbare specimen of justice, honesty and truth: and from fifty years of searching—like Diogenes himself—dispairs of ever finding them in man.

The "Tribune"

New York City, June 10, 1913

Chaloner May Have \$1,500,000 For Asking

BUT HE REFUSES TO APPLY TO NEW YORK COURT FOR
DECREE OF SANITY.

FIGHTING FOR PRINCIPLE.

CONTENDS STATE BENCH HAD NO AUTHORITY TO DECLARE HIM MENTALLY
INCOMPETENT—IN NEED OF MONEY.

John Armstrong Chaloner, of Virginia, formerly Chaloner, of New York, and a brother of former Lieutenant Governor Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler and of Robert W. Chanler, can come back to this State and have himself declared sane if only he will make the application to the New York Supreme Court. Such a decree will entitle him to his property, valued at \$1,500,000.

But Mr. Chaloner, who is regarded as insane in this State and sane in Virginia, refused to accept the invitation. He is fighting for a principle. His contention is that the New York courts never had jurisdiction over him and were without authority to declare him mentally incompetent.

Mr. Chaloner, through his counsel, Frederick A. Ware, filed a petition in the Supreme Court yesterday asking that his allowance from the income on his property, which now amounts to \$17,000 a year, be increased to \$33,000. To prove that he needs the additional \$16,000 for his support, Mr. Chaloner submitted several volumes bearing on the lunacy laws of several States which he has published.

He wanted \$8,000 of the increased allowance to enable him to undertake a movement to amend these laws in the different States. The remainder of the money, he said, he needed to keep up his estate in Virginia and to pay his attorneys. Another volume submitted by Chaloner was entitled "Four Years Behind the Bars of Bloomingdale," which covers his experience before he escaped from Bloomingdale Asylum and went to Virginia. Also there was a book of poems of which he was the author, entitled "Scorpio."

Mr. Chaloner explained in his papers how he came to be sent to the asylum. He said Stanford White, who was killed by Harry K. Thaw, induced him to come to New York, and when he got here two alienists examined him at his hotel and had him committed without giving him a chance to prove his sanity.

The statement that Mr. Chaloner may, if he so chooses, have himself declared sane was made by Thomas T. Sherman, who has been guardian of his property. Mr. Sherman said he would not oppose any such move provided the application was made in the New York Supreme Court, a point which Mr. Chaloner will not accede to.

Mr. Ware, in making his application, denied his client was insane, and said he desired the additional money to do some good. He declared the attorneys who were opposing the increase were paid out of the estate of Mr. Chaloner.

Joseph H. Choate, Jr., who opposed the granting of the increase, said the only evidence that Mr. Chaloner was sane was the fact he had engaged lawyers to get the increase for him. Justice Giegerich asserted he wanted an opportunity to examine all the papers in the case and reserved decision.

The "Evening World"

New York City, June 10, 1913

Chaloner Says Offer to Regain Property is An Old Trick

DECLARES CHANGE OF COURT WOULD MEAN PROBING OF HIS SANITY
AGAIN.

(Special to the Evening World.)

RICHMOND, VA., June 10.—"It's merely one of their old tricks," declared John Armstrong Chaloner before leaving today for Merry Mills, commenting on press despatches from New York saying that Thomas T. Sherman, guardian of his estate, had offered to permit him to regain possession of his property, valued at nearly \$2,000,000, provided he would make application in the State courts.

Chaloner was in a dentist chair when the news reached him over the 'phone. "They have been up to that trick for years," he said, hastily leaving the chair. "They want me to transfer the issue from the Federal to the State courts so that my sanity may be probed again. But they won't catch me napping. I am sane in Virginia and North Carolina and that permits me to continue my fight in Uncle Sam's courts.

"It is true that I am resorting to the New York State courts to have my income increased, but that is only a subsidiary issue. The principal issue will remain in the Federal courts until it is settled, regardless of any proposition that may come from Sherman or any of those affiliated with him. I don't propose to get into the clutches of Sherman's Tammany Hall courts if I can help it."

Chaloner made the wires fairly hum as he raked his guardian over the coals. He spoke as if it were little short of brazen audacity for Sherman to make such a proposition, knowing that it had been turned down point blank on previous occasions.

"The proposition was made first ten years ago," he said. "It is just a few months ago that my brother-in-law came forward with the same overtures."

*The "Evening Journal"**New York City, June 2, 1913*

Chaloner Asks \$32,000 a Year; Who's Looney?

John Armstrong Chaloner, who has made the world merrier for his having lived in it by inventing the phrase "Who's looney now?" is before the courts of New York again. He has outgrown his annual income of \$16,000 a year—or his schemes have—and he is anxious that the Supreme Court raise it to \$32,000. Frederick A. Ware, a former Assemblyman, as Mr. Chaloner's attorney, will present the petition today in special term.

Owing to the fact that the courts of New York have not changed their opinion regarding Mr. Chaloner's insanity, he will be unable to attend the hearing in person. Instead, he will await the result at his Virginia home, where he is regarded as being as sane as any other resident of the State.

And so the question must be answered all over again, and in the language of many nationalities. As Blucher remarked to Wellington after the battle of Waterloo, "Wer ist nun verrückt?"

The most substantial ground for Mr. Chaloner's move to double his income, as Mr. Ware will explain to the court, is that the Chaloner estate is increasing every year and now yields about \$112,000 annually. Under those circumstances he has no hesitation in asking for a little more than has heretofore been his portion. Or, to quote from an unpublished account of Mark Anthony's oration over the body of Caesar, "Quis est nunc insanus?"

HE HAS OTHER MOTIVES.

But there are other motives nearer and dearer to Mr. Chaloner's heart, and which relate to the high cost of realizing one's ambitions, that he will submit to the Supreme Bench. First of all, there is the fact that his former attorneys died before he had settled his account with them. Their heirs, however, have inherited the right to the unpaid fees, and Mr. Chaloner fears he will find it difficult to meet these debts on his present income, and do everything else he has pledged himself to do.

"Qui est fou maintenant?" in the words of Andre de Fouquieres.

One pet project of his that will require more money than he has at his disposal is the improvement of insanity laws. It was under the

present insanity laws that Mr. Chaloner was adjudged insane, and it is the present insanity laws that have cribbed, cabined and confined his life and movements since that judgment was delivered. For his own comfort, as well as for the convenience of others who may be in a like predicament at any future time, the author of "Who's Looney Now" wants a set of laws on the statute books that will enable a judge to answer that question without making any such mistakes as were made in his case.

Not a bad idea at all, is it? As Sancho Panza remarked to Don Quixote after he had rescued him from the windmills, "Quien es un bobo ahora?"

Further, Mr. Chaloner is the founder of the Mass Meeting Club in Richmond. This is an organization devoted to helping young girls. Mr. Chaloner's funds are its mainstay, and it is one of the young millionaire's griefs that he cannot finance it more liberally. Too much money, he believes, cannot be spent in such a cause.

Speaking as one great Dane to another, "Vvem er nu blod?" There are a good many crazier ways of spending one's money, take it from Mr. Chaloner.

AND SOME MORE.

If these reasons fail to satisfy the Supreme Court His Honor will be politely requested to take note of Mr. Chaloner's plan to publish a new edition of his volume of poems.

True, the court interpreter may mutter in Hungarian, under his breath, "Ki a bolond mostan?"

But not after he has been informed of the enormous demand there has been for this little brochure. He'll be sorry he said it then.

The judge, however, may be prompted to ask why, if the volume has been so flatteringly received, has it not brought its author sufficient profits to enable him to float a second edition out of the proceeds of the first?

A poser, eh? As Count Witte whispered to Admiral Rojestvensky when he got back to the Nevsky Prospect, "Kmo ecm gypnom menepe?"

But the answer is very simple. Offer outpourings of his Muse for sale? Commercialize his art? Never! That is something of which John Armstrong Chaloner never has and never shall be guilty! The writing of these poems is their own reward. He takes great pleasure in giving away a copy to every one he can think of who may be possessed of the amount of intelligence required for their appreciation. And not a copy has ever been returned. Now the supply is exhausted, and he needs the money to put out another edition to satisfy the demand for them.

ABANDONS FIGHT IN NEW YORK.

"Hathch koo lelquisa?"—in the words of Sitting Bull the night before the Custer massacre.

At the same time that the news of this fight for more funds became public it was learned that Chaloner had given up his battle for freedom in the New York courts. Why spend any more money in proving to the satisfaction of the New York State authorities that he is sane, when he wouldn't live here even if they agreed to take it all back and admit that he has as much sense as the common run of humanity? He doesn't have to prove to the people or the courts of Virginia that he isn't crazy. They admit it. Nobody interferes with him or attempts to restrain him down there. He is loved and respected by his neighbors. And he does just as he pleases. Why should he purchase a freedom that is good only in New York State, when he wouldn't use it as often as he would a pass over the Trans-Siberian Railway?

"Il quale son scrocco ora?" as they say in the best Neapolitan society.

The author of this entertaining article—either our distinguished friend of twenty years' standing, its editor Mr. Arthur Brisbane, or one of Mr. Brisbane's talented young men—is in error, slightly, in one sole particular in this otherwise mathematically exact story: and we hasten to say that the error in question is no fault of his, for he simply copied it out of the statement of our distinguished trial counsel, Hon. Frederick A. Ware, of 35 Nassau Street, Manhattan.

Mr. Ware was in error, from the sinister fact that, although chief counsel in all our several and sundry law suits; and author of the brief he plead to so ably June 9th before Mr. Justice Giegerich, of the New York Supreme Court, we are separated from our trial counsel by hundreds of miles—for safety's sake—since a visit to New York, under the present illegal lunacy laws tolerated by press, pulpit, public, bar and bench—with some noble exceptions—of the "Empire State," our liberty would not be worth five cent's purchase. *A perusal of the two pages of criticism upon our law book "The Lunacy Law of the World," which closes this Appendix, will show that New York's immoral apathy will reap a crop of scorn at the hands of the future historian little short of that merited by Sodom and Gomorrah.*

Mr. Ware being separated from us by a great gulf—as afore-said—could not possibly be mathematically exact as to all the little non-material literary details in his stunning exposition of the situation.

He stated, in effect, that "Scorpio" was not to be sold, but given away. The *Evening Journal* followed him here—perforce—into the camp of error. "Scorpio" is to be sold, provided we can get enough money from the New York Supreme Court to properly advertise the exceedingly satisfactory long array of literary criticisms thereon, displayed in this Appendix; and thereby satisfy the natural curiosity aroused naturally by such satisfactory encomiums.

We do *not* intend to sell—except an exceptionally large demand appears—but do expect to, and desire to, give away, among working people, our fortnightly lectures—of a Sunday night—at the "Rex" Theatre—Seventh and Broad Streets, Richmond, Va. As the lectures are free, so should be the account of same—in a reasonable quantity—in order that the vile evil may be brought to an end, which at present afflicts the fair city of Richmond, owing largely to the shameless indifference of the legislative committee, who refused at the last session of the Virginia General Assembly, to raise the age-of-consent-limit to at least sixteen, from its abominable, scandalous, criminally low limit of fourteen years.

Taking advantage of this state of affairs, certain villains with money enough to either own or hire automobiles, set to work to systematically open up a reign of seduction and debauchery among the little daughters of the poor—one day or more *over* said criminally low limit of fourteen.

These Hell-hounds would take the children out "Joy riding" at night and their Hellish work was done either in the automobile, a few miles outside the city limits, or in bushes contiguous to the automobile—or elsewhere. A perfect storm was raised last fall in the Protestant pulpits of Richmond, calling for a reform of this reign of the Minotaur in Richmond.

But the people were quiescent. There was no sign or sound of a mass meeting.

So we started—what we term—the "Mass Meeting Club of Richmond," to which all classes of society are invited—bar the silk stocking brigade; *or monied class, because it is from them that the very crimes in question originated—the rich—in this instance actually preying upon the daughters of the poor, and turning them into prostitutes.*

Such straight talk as the above would therefore not be music in the ears of the Richmond rich—and Richmond is a very prosperous city indeed—commercially speaking—therefore the author of "Scorpio" being more or less "wise," from having been hunted and hounded for lo! now these many years by the rich of New York—as fully de-

scribed in the Prologue hereto—namely nearly seventeen years—did not invite the silk stocking brigade.

The mass meeting is the lineal descendant of the old Anglo-Saxon form of government by a grand national council of its people and chiefs, under their King, in council assembled—the whole body of the free people were eligible to appear at said mighty host, and take part in the affairs of the nation. Its name was the Witenagemot.

Since September, 1912, we have been addressing full houses fortnightly in Richmond, as aforesaid, and the following we have thus obtained proves beyond cavil that the mass meeting idea, on a permanent basis, open to all, and free to all, financed by ourselves and permanently organized—will be a fixture in Richmond, so soon as we can get enough of our own money out of the reluctant clutches of Thomas T. Sherman—now unlawfully retaining same—to print and disseminate the literature describing the meetings of the "Richmond Mass Meeting Club."

The first edition of "Scorpio" was so small—some three hundred copies only—because our funds did not admit of a larger edition—it was entirely exhausted by the time the rather long line of newspapers and literary friends to which "Scorpio" was sent had been accommodated.

What the Law Reviews Have to Say About "The Lunacy Law of the World"

By John Armstrong Chaloner, A. B., A. M., Member of the Bar

NORTHEASTERN REPORTER

St. Paul, Minn., July, 1907.

"The Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C., has printed a book on 'The Lunacy Law of the World,' by J. A. Chaloner, of the same place. It is an examination of the laws of the States and Territories, and of the Six Great Powers of Europe, on this subject, and is in terms a very severe arraignment of most of them. It would appear that the iniquitous system against which Charles Reade waged war has by no means disappeared. People may still be incarcerated in insane asylums without notice, and without an opportunity to be heard, either

in person or by attorney; and once in an asylum, a patient has little protection against the keepers. They may be wise, and kind, but the instances of cruelty which occasionally reach the public indicate that this is not a safe assumption. *Mr. Chaloner holds a brief for the accused, and puts his case very strongly, but, in view of the cases he cites, it would be impossible to state the matter too strongly.* He says:

“A survey of the field of Lunacy Legislation the world over presents to-day an appalling spectacle. It affords, to put it mildly, the strongest card in favor of anarchy—of no law—ever laid upon the table of world-politics; and throws into lamentable relief the fact that in about forty per cent. of the States and Territories of the United States neither the Bench—with many honorable exceptions—the Bar nor the Legislature, can be entrusted with safeguarding that fundamental principle of liberty, the absolute rights of the individual.”

“The book should awaken public interest in an important matter.”

THE OHIO LAW BULLETIN.

Norwalk, Ohio, July 29, 1907.

“Chaloner, Lunacy Law of the World.

“A criticism of the practice of adjudging persons incompetent and depriving them of their liberties without due process of law, fortified by decisions of the courts, is the theme upon which the author has developed this interesting and instructive work. The lunacy law of all the States of the Union and six of the Great Powers of Europe are reviewed, and surprising as it may seem, nearly half of the States and Great Britain fail to require notice of the inquisition to be given the alleged lunatic or incompetent; twenty-four of the States and Germany and Great Britain fail to afford him opportunity to appear and be heard. The author makes it conclusively appear that there is needed revision of these laws. Edited by J. A. Chaloner, counsellor at law. Published by the Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.”

THE OKLAHOMA LAW JOURNAL.

Guthrie, Oklahoma, September, 1907.

“The Lunacy Law of the World,

By J. A. Chaloner.

Published by the Palmetto Press,
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

This is a volume of nearly four hundred pages, well printed, but bound in paper covers—a point always detrimental to the sale as well as the dignity of a law book. However, *when the contents are care-*

fully read and reflected upon, it is found one of the best and most needed books that has appeared for many years.

The subject of Lunacy Law in spite of all the legislation we have had in other departments, has received little attention. In fact, it is little better than when Charles Reade wrote his book, entitled, 'Hard Cash.' The fact that many mentally deranged persons are incapable of comprehending the nature of the steps taken to place them in custody, the custom has become prevalent that no process is needed to place them on trial as to their sanity. It is to be remembered that in every State of the Union, and in fact, in every country of the world, fraud has been perpetrated on men and women of means by greedy relatives and the unfortunate ones placed in asylums for no other purpose than to secure control of their property. And further it should be remembered that one once adjudged insane if he cannot secure a hearing of his right to restoration through the influence of true friends he is forever barred of the right to be heard. He has lost the standing of a citizen. *There is much in Mr. Chaloner's book that should be well studied by every lawyer and legislator as to what should be done to secure the constitutional rights of every one alleged to be of unsound mind.* The book carefully goes over the law of lunacy in the forty-five States and Territories as well as that of the leading nations of Europe."

LANCASTER LAW REVIEW.

Lancaster, Pa., September 30, 1907.

"The Lunacy Law of the World.

By J. A. Chaloner, Counsellor at Law.

Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

The work is a review of the lunacy laws of the States and Territories of this country together with those of Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Austria and Russia, with a view of showing their defects mainly in regard to affording proper protection to the alleged lunatic.

To those of us who have been accustomed to look with complacency on our lunacy laws, remembering how lunatics were thrown into dungeons and chained and tortured but a short time ago, this book brings home some startling truths. It shows clearly the dangers of that class of legislation in force in England and many of our States (as our own Act of April 20, 1869, P. L., 78), which permits an alleged lunatic to be incarcerated upon the certificate of 'two or more reputable physicians.'

The author contends that in lunacy proceedings notice to the al-

leged lunatic ought to be absolutely essential and that the trial should be by jury in the presence of the alleged lunatic; that any other practice is a violation of his constitutional rights and dangerous, in that it might be used by designing relatives for fraudulent purposes.

The importance of a jury trial in such cases has been recognized by Judge Brewster in Com. ex rel. vs. Kirkbride, 2 Brewster, 402. The writ of habeas corpus is not a sufficient safeguard.

In setting forth the importance of allowing the alleged lunatic an opportunity to appear, the author says:

"The test of sanity is a mental test wholly within the power of the accused to accomplish and without any witnesses, professional or lay, to back him up. Suppose two paid experts in insanity in the pay of the other side, swear defendant's mind cannot tell what his past history has been—that said defendant's mind is a total blank upon the subject. Would that professional and paid and interested oath stand against the defendant's refutation thereof by taking the stand and promptly and lucidly giving his past history, provided he were afforded his legal privilege of taking the stand in place of being kept away from court and having to allow his liberty and property to be perjured away from him in his enforced absence?" (Page 217.)

Collusion would be very difficult to prove. It has been held that no presumption arises from the fact that the parties certifying to the alleged lunacy were in fact mistaken. *Williams vs. Le Bar*, 141 Pa., 149.

The subject is an important and interesting one, and the book shows extensive and careful research. It is forcefully written and carries conviction."

LAW NOTES.

Northport, New York, September, 1907.

"The Lunacy Law of the World.

By J. A. Chaloner, Palmetto Press,
Palmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina.

The writer is assuredly earnest, . . . setting forth the unquestionable, abuses to which the state of the lunacy laws has given rise.

The exhaustiveness of his research into the question compels admiration; an author who can work through lunacy laws from the time of the Emperor Conrad down to the present."

Pelmetto Press, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina.
Bound in Law Buckram; Five Dollars.

INDEX.

	Page
"All the World's a Stage"	21
An Echo to Walt Whitman's "Barbaric Yawp"	14
Armour of the Soul, The	54
Bloodthirsty	29
Box of Kittens, A	30
Britannia	7
Call, A	38
"Canny Andy"	28
Columbia	8
Death	53
First Hewing of the World's Pioneers, The	20
Fountain of a Hundred Jets, The	12
Fresh-Water Ananias, A	56
Future Duke of Asteroid, The	57
G. K. Chesterton	27
Germania (1)	5
Germania (2)	6
Jezebel	31
"Le Noir Fainéant"	43
Life-Dance, The	3
Maeterlinck	26
Magic Crucible, A	4
Midnight	38
My Parents	36
Panel-House, A	19
Poet-Caravan, A	1
Prince of Liars, A	24
Queen of the Pacific, The	11

	Page
Rosary, The (1)	45
Rosary, The (2)	46
Rosary, The (3)	47
Rosary, The (4)	48
Rosary, The (5)	49
Rosary, The (6)	50
Rubicon of the Unknown, The	41
Salt-Water Ananias, A	55
<i>Salut aux Aieux</i> (To Ancestors)	13
Sans a Wedding Garment	10
Shaw Once More	21
Shaw Macaw	22
"Shaving of Shag Pat," The	23
Solitude	33
Syracuse Post-Standard-Oil	17
That Pension-List	9
"The Love of Money is the Root of All Evil"	35
"There is a Tide, etc."	42
"The Heart is Deceitful," etc.	34
Tolstoy	25
Tricolore, The	15
Turkey-Trot, The	32
Twentieth Century Psalm (1)	51
Twentieth Century Psalm (2)	52
Watch-Towers of Liberty, The	16
Whipping-Post, The	18
Wordsworth	40

ALIGNMENT OF SONNETS.

1. A Poet-Caravan.
2. "All the World's a Stage."
3. The Life-Dance.
4. A Magic Crucible.
5. Germania (1).
6. Germania (2).
7. Britannia.
8. Columbia.
9. That Pension-List.
10. Sans a Wedding Garment.
11. The Queen of the Pacific.
12. The Fountain of a Hundred Jets.
13. *Salut aux Aïeux* (to Ancestors).
14. An Echo to Walt Whitman's "Barbaric Yawp."
15. The Tricolore.
16. The Watch-Towers of Liberty.
17. The Syracuse Post-Standard-Oil.
18. The Whipping-Post.
19. A Panel-House.
20. The First Hewing of the World's Pioneers.
21. Shaw Once More.
22. Shaw Macaw.
23. "The Shaving of Shag-Pat."
24. A Prince of Liars.
25. Tolstoy.
26. Maeterlinck.
27. G. K. Chesterton.
28. "Canny Andy."
29. Bloodthirsty!
30. A Box of Kittens.
31. Jezebel.
32. The Turkey-Trot.
33. Solitude.
34. "The Heart is Deceitful, etc."
35. "The Love of Money, etc."
36. My Parents.
37. They Are Seven.
38. Midnight.
39. A Call.
40. Wordsworth.

41. The Rubicon of the Unknown.
42. "There is a Tide, etc."
43. "Le Noir Fainéant."
44. The Rosary (1).
45. The Rosary (2).
46. The Rosary (3).
47. The Rosary (4).
48. The Rosary (5).
49. The Rosary (6).
50. A Twentieth Century Psalm (1).
51. A Twentieth Century Psalm (2).
52. Death.
53. The Armour of the Soul.
54. A Salt-Water Ananias.
55. A Fresh-Water Ananias.
56. The Future Duke of Asteroid.

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